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Augusta Freeman  
Journal.

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Edited by

The English Literature Classes.

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# THE AUGUSTA SEMINARY ANNUAL.

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## The Girlhood and Womanhood of Lady Macbeth.

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EVERY landscape has its varying lights and shadows, its shifting scenes of brightness and of gloom; and such is the girlhood of Lady Macbeth to her after-life—a background whose golden sunshine and happiness only throw into stronger relief the horror and darkness of her womanhood.

Let us turn for awhile from that dark scene of sorrow and woe to the fairer picture lying back in the memories of the Past.

Far up among the glens and rock-bound fastnesses of Elgin, upon the still, green shores of the loch, in whose blue depths the fleecy clouds sail slowly by, stands a Scottish castle, worn gray and grim with the lingering touch of time. Long, graceful festoons of ivy hang from turret and tower and lend their beauty to the crumbling walls. Out on the air floats the music of childish laughter, and the old, grisdled man-at-arms smiles as he hears the tripping feet, and says fondly to himself, “It is my little Lady.” Bounding lightly across the court comes the little girl; the long, dark hair is wreathed around with the blue gentians she has gathered, and her great star-like eyes are glimmering through the mist of unshed tears. In her arms she carries a little bleating lamb. “Donald,” says she, and the childish voice is tremulous, “please help me find the poor little lamb’s mother. It got lost and was so lonesome out on the hills by itself.” The old retainer, breathing a blessing on Gruoch’s head, takes her little hand in his and, having done as she wished, leads her to the castle.

On the threshold he pauses while the child runs forward and

kneels at the feet of a lady sitting at her tapestry frame. Eagerly she tells again her story, and over the pale face of the mother comes a light as of sunshine breaking through a cloud, and she bends to kiss the upturned face. "Will her darling always be as fair as the mountain blossoms in her hair, as tender-hearted as when she carried the lost lamb back to the fold?" she asks herself. Time alone can and will tell.

The shadows of evening have fallen; the last glow of the setting sun is dying in the west. In the time-honored hall are gathered the Thane, his lady and little Gruoch. The night winds swing the tapestries to and fro, and the suits of mail on the wall rattle ominously, as if some warrior-ancestor of "ye olden time" had come back again to don his armor; but there is no trace of fear in the dark eyes the child turns upon them. Slipping her hand confidently into her father's as she sits on a footstool at his feet, she begs her mother for a song. The lady smiles sadly and draws down from its place on the wall a rusty harp. Some of its strings are broken, telling of shattered chords in the harmony of her life.

"The soft harp, so long hath been known  
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone."

Little by little the tired head of the child droops upon her father's knee, the long lashes fall over the dusky eyes, and Gruoch is asleep.

The years have come and gone; the summer flowers blossomed and faded again; autumn flaunted her banners of crimson and gold to the sky and furled them. Time has touched the old castle gently and it is little grayer or grimmer than when we saw it years ago. But one voice is still forever in the silence of the tomb, and it is Gruoch's white hand which at eventide now wakes the echoes of the old harp for her father.

The summer day is drawing to a close and the purple shadows are lengthening on the castle walls. On the threshold stands a girl, the same, and yet not the same, we knew of yore. The careless grace of childhood has ripened into the lovely curves of womanhood, but the eyes, those wondrous, shadowy eyes, are still unchanged. There she stands in unconscious grace on the brink,

"—— with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet  
Womanhood and childhood fleet,"



gazing forth into the darkness. Who is it the Lady Grnoch expects this night? No other than Macbeth, Thane of Glamis, and the son of her father's friend. Stay: even now the clear notes of the clarion come echoing up the glen. Ah! he is come; and the plaided, tartaned stranger, with the eagle feather in his bonnet, starts at the sight of the girlish form in the doorway. He had not hoped to find so fair a flower blooming in so wild a place. As for her, the brave blood of a long line of noble ancestors surges hotly through her veins as, at the supper-board that night, he tells of feats of arms and deeds of valor.

The days fly by on golden wings, and still the young Thane stays, and Grnoch learns to find pleasure only when he is with her. Together they seek out the sweetest flowers of the wind-sheltered glens or ride to hunt at early dawn. The old Thane watches the pair well pleased, and when Macbeth at length asks the maiden's hand in marriage he gladly gives consent. Macbeth, rejoicing, carries the fair bride off to his own castle.

But her woof of fate is woven; she has reached the turning of the roads—the middle point—where the sunbeams of one path intermingle with the shadows of the other. She has left the turrets and ivy-mantled battlements of her home, and her fate is tied to that of her husband for weal or for woe. To him she confides her earthly happiness, her life, her soul, her all, and to help him attain the "golden round" she hesitates not to sear her conscience and break her heart. Before long she is to prove the strength of that love she has declared for him. For him she tramples under foot all her natural tenderness and womanly weakness—outrages her very nature and finally dies.

The powers of evil seem to have leagued together to destroy Macbeth's soul, and in the gray duskiness of the lonely heath the Weird Sisters have already struck the evil chord in him which answers responsive to their touch. Glamis he is, and Cawdor and the other—he will attain. And so his wife through love for him and to gain

"—— for all his days and nights,  
Solely sovereign sway and masterdom,"

calls on the "murdering ministers that wait on nature's mischief," to stop up the access and passage to remorse, that no compunctious visitings of nature shape her fell purpose. Yet, even then Mac-

beth draws back, fearful of the future when the deed is done, and to his wife's questions, answers only: "I dare do all may become a man." *She* "scorns to wear a heart so white," and taunts him with his cowardice—

"Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valor  
As thou art in desire?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Letting I dare not wait upon I would?"

From this time such will she account his love, and he who dares do all else dares not hear the word "coward" fall from his wife's lips.

How still and sweet the breezes blow around Macbeth's castle, when Duncan enters it to come forth no more! The martlets coo pleasantly beneath the eaves and speak only of peace and happiness to the innocent hearts of Duncan and Banquo. But how soon, alas! the black shades of night fall upon it, foreshadowing darkly the gloom even now descending on the souls of Macbeth and his wife. She has sworn to do this and she will not draw back. No airy daggers mock at her, and she arranges, with unfaltering skill, all the details of the plot. For a while she has succeeded in suspending her woman's nature, and she thinks of nothing but how to accomplish the deed. Yet, try as she will, she cannot stifle the memories of the Past as they come thronging back to her:

"Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done it."

Did the sight of the venerable old king, sleeping in peace his last earthly sleep, remind her of her white-haired father, whom she had loved so well in the old, glad days of her girlhood? We can imagine that she turned away with a sob, her resolution not weakened, but her heart softened and touched.

At last, Macbeth's courage is screwed to the sticking place, and the deed of dreadful note is done. Then comes the reaction. Before the accomplishment of her design she had paid no heed to the terrors of the night, but now every sound frightens her, and she hears voices calling through the darkness—

"Sleep, sleep no more;  
Macbeth doth murder sleep—"

until at last she can stand no more, and finds rest for a while in unconsciousness.

It is Macbeth now who takes the lead. He needs no guiding hand upon the downward road. Conscience no longer sheds her dim light in the twilight of his soul. Henceforth

“He shall spurn fate, scorn death,  
And bear his hopes ’bove wisdom, love and fear.”

She can go no further. Her marvelous self-possession never fails her before her husband, but when alone “thick-coming fancies” throw their shadows over her, and she realizes that he has reached a point in his career when her sympathy and sustaining hand can do no more for him. From this time he must work out his fate, “even to the crack of doom,” alone; and it is with a fearful sickening at heart and hopeless despair, after the banquet scene, that she answers his questions, “How goes the night?” with the words, “Almost at odds with morning, which is which.”

Her whole after life is one long expiation for her crime. Amid the sleep of nature her conscience cannot sleep, and the will, which, when waking, no human power could bend, asleep, refuses to obey her. In the dim moonlight of memory she reviews each moment of that awful night and tries in vain to wash the blood off her little hand.

“Duncan is in his grave :  
After life’s fitful fever, he sleeps well ;”

but she, who to gain her peace, sent Duncan to peace, can find no peace.

“Hers is a mind diseased,  
The memory of a rooted sorrow,”

and she dies; all the sunny dreams of her youth buried forever in the darkness and horror of her death.

MARGARET LANE.

## Pictures in the Life of Lady Macbeth.

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### I.

THE shepherd has ceased shouting on the mountain tops ; the fisherman with wet nets is plodding homeward ; the moor is desolate and lifeless save for a strange-looking pair, walking silently but hastily over the rough ground. The peasant woman, from her cottage, must have noted the incongruity of the two, for, shading her eyes from the setting sun, she watched them out of sight and called to her husband, smoking within the door, "The Thane's little lady and her faithful Kenneth ; where are they going ?"

The two upon the moor are as silent as Nature around them until the man, a big fellow with a broad, good-natured face, says in an awed voice :

"Are you not afraid, my lady ?"

"No ; why ?"

The child lifts her face so that the light shines clearly on her steady blue eyes, and lips strangely firm in a childish face.

"Are you sure she is there ?" he asks again.

"Old Roderick saw her as he came past the big cliffs. He ran home, trembling and white."

They come upon the crags and high, ragged cliffs, skirting the edges of one of Scotland's lochs, whose waters gleam through the crevices in the piles of rock roughened with moss and lichens. Before advancing towards the shore of the bay the man stops beneath the shadow of a high rock and draws a long breath. The child takes his hand, and something in the touch of her cool, steady fingers seems to reassure him, for he steps quickly out with her to the edge of the bay.

"There she is, on yonder rock," says the child in a low, quiet voice.

She does not notice the weirdness of the scene, or if she does, it fails to impress her.

She stands hand in hand with the broad-shouldered Scotelunan as quietly as if she were in her own little room at the big castle.

The evening breeze blows her long, fair hair across her delicate features, and except for the fixed intentness of her gaze, which sets curiously on so young a face, one could mark no mental excitement. The scene, the time and the secluded nature of the place would tend to create feelings of terror even in a breast not naturally timid.

On the edge of a cliff, in the full and brilliant light of the setting sun, sits a curious, dazzling creature—the mermaid—famous in the old Scotch legends. Combing out her long, fair hair she sings a song, the weird tones of which reach the ears of the pair across the bay.

The little Lady Gruoch, after the first intent gaze, turns to her companion, "Now, Kenneth, quick before she sees us—I will come with you. What, man, you are not afraid!"

She looks at him with that steady light in her blue eyes, and, inspired by her look, he advances quickly towards the mermaid, whose white shoulders gleam in the fading light. The Lady Gruoch follows. Kenneth reaches the mysterious creature unobserved, and pauses irresolute. The child whispers—"Coward." The mermaid has time only to scream before two brawny arms are around her, and she lies passive against the cliff.

"What want you, man?" says she, in an unnatural but sweet voice.

"Wishes two for the lady yonder. The prophesy runs that she shall have a rival in love. The Thane's daughter must come out the victor. The Scottish throne is near to my lady. A queen she must be."

"Quit and have," replies the mysterious being, and pressing her fish-like body against the cliff, she springs into the sea. Her white shoulders gleam for an instant, and then vanish beneath the green depths of the water.

## II.

Within the castle all is youth and happiness. From the windows brilliant lights are streaming—gay voices and merry jests ring happily out upon the sweet quiet. The laughter ceases and all becomes still. The strains of the harp, accompanying a wild Gaelic air reach the ears of a man and woman standing in a secluded and shadowed part of the grounds surrounding the castle.



"Her voice. You do not love her, but are in honor bound?" the lady is saying.

"So—" replies her companion.

"If she were not?"

The woman leans slightly out of the shadow to get a clearer view of her companion. Is it the distorting effect of the pale light from a window that gives her blue eyes a curious glitter, her small mouth a hard curve?

"You." He reads something in her face and shudders slightly as she lays her hand upon his.

"Come, as hostess I shall be missed."

A few moments and the Lady Gruoch enters the room where the young girl has been playing; goes up to her and leads her away to a seat. Later, Macbeth, Thane of Glamis, crosses the room and at his entrance the sweet face of the pretty songstress flushes. Her color deepens beneath the intent gaze of her hostess, the Lady Gruoch.

The hours fly by. So fair and gracious is my Lady Gruoch, so sweet her smile, that one by one the guests have departed reluctantly, all but two, the Thane of Glamis and his bride betrothed, the Lady Anne, whom the Lady Gruoch detains for a last word. Lady Anne speaks gently of the lateness of the hour, when her hostess, passing into the banquet-room, re-enters in a few moments with a glass of red, sparkling wine.

"Drink this, I pray you, my lady, ere your long ride."

The smiling face of the brave Macbeth grows pale beneath his dark skin. He looks intently at the lady with the glass in her white fingers. Lady Gruoch, with a smile upon her lips, holds the sparkling drink towards the Lady Anne, who, taking it, lets the red wine slip down her white throat.

The castle looks grim and ghostly in the cold moonlight. The gray walls stand threateningly out against the pale stars. Within the castle, as well as without, deep silence reigns. In the hall, with its roof and floor of stone, the light streams through the narrow unglazed windows.

A door opens. A woman crosses the hall. Her eyes are open, but have no sight in them—her lips move.

"The wine—the red wine with death in it. It glides down her white throat!"

She recrosses the hall, opens the door, and is gone.

### III.

Duncan, King of Scotland, lies sleeping in his chamber at the castle of Macbeth. Two grooms near him, whose charge is to watch during the slumber of their king, lie stretched upon the floor in deep and heavy sleep. Except for loud mutterings now and then, they lie as if dead. The door opens quietly and some one enters. The moonlight from an open window falls upon the face of Lady Macbeth, and gleams coldly upon two weapons in her hand. She approaches the grooms, places the daggers near them, and with firm step crosses to where the sleeping king is lying. Bending over him she gazes at his quiet features. Something in his face startles her—she draws back, crosses the room and passes out.

A moment later, quick, unsteady steps are heard along the hall, and Lord Macbeth enters the chamber. His gaze falls upon the glittering weapons; he looks neither to the right nor the left, lifts the dagger and plunges it into the heart of the sleeping king. The stupid grooms laugh and mutter in their sleep. The murderer stands for a moment transfixed, then draws the bloody knife from the body of the king and—is gone.

All is still. Yet once again the door opens and a woman crosses the threshold. 'Tis Lady Macbeth, and in her hand she bears a bloody dagger. Approaching the bedside of the murdered man she quietly but firmly dips her hands in the blood flowing from his wound. The moonlight glitters on her white face and red, bloody hands. She smears the blood on the faces of the sleeping grooms, and she lays the dagger at the side of one.

The owl screams, the crickets cry, and Lady Macbeth, Queen of Scotland, recrosses the threshold of death.

KATE ST. CLAIR MAY.

## A Child's Impressions of some Famous People.

---

LITTLE POLLY was a girl of eight summers, who enjoyed to the utmost her beautiful southern home, her pony, her pets, her garden and all those things that make a child's life happy. One day she was told that she must give up all her pleasures, for her father was now a Senator and the family were to live in Washington, which, in her childish eyes, seemed a great city. At the Riggs House, Polly had no children to play with, but to console her for the loss of her out-door life, her father made her his constant companion.

A familiar sight on the streets of Washington was the figure a handsome white-haired man, accompanied by a little child who had rosy cheeks, a mass of chestnut curls, sparkling, wondering eyes and a smile and shy word for every one. Her father always took Polly to the White House with him, and Mr. Cleveland called her "The assistant Senator."

Polly had been told that Mr. Cleveland's manners were cold and distant, but he was always kind and cordial to the little girl. When the negro Trotter was appointed Recorder of the Deeds she refused to return to the White House, and no persuasion could change her determination. The President missed her, and after a few days asked her father if the assistant Senator was ill. He replied: "No, she will not come here any more since you appointed Trotter. She says she will have nothing to do with you, that you are not a Democrat, and she doesn't believe you ever heard of Jefferson." Some years after that Polly, now a big girl of twelve or thirteen years, saw Mr. Cleveland at a banquet. He came up, and shaking hands with her, said, "Assistant Senator, now that I have been beaten, wont you forgive me about Trotter?" She laughed, and was a Clevelandite from that time.

There was a drug store at the corner of New York Avenue and Fifteenth Street, and Polly soon made friends with the druggist because he had a dog. He, as a very great favor (the kind of favor Tom Sawyer granted when he allowed the boys to white-wash the fence), permitted her and a little friend to help at the



soda-water fountain. One morning her father, who was going across to Riggs' Bank, told Polly to wait for him in that store. He did not know she spent a part of every day there. When he returned he saw her coat lying on the floor and Polly, with cap on the back of her head and her sleeves rolled up, washing the cups while the little boy handed out hot chocolate to the customers. Polly cried out, "Oh, papa, I'll wash you a cup till it shines, and Phil will give you a nice hot cup of chocolate." Her father picked up the coat, also Polly, and hurried out of the store, but not even the presence of the imposing Secretary of State, Mr. Bayard, could silence her. She said, "But, papa, I have not had my soda, and Phil will be mad; why are you in such a hurry?"

As they walked down the Avenue towards the Capitol a tall, broad-shouldered man, with blue twinkling eyes, short curly hair just turning gray, and a ruddy complexion, came up, and shaking hands, said, "Well, little sweetheart, how are you? Do you feel like a blue-grass colt this clear, crisp morning?" It was Senator Beck, who made all children and animals love him by his kindness to them.

The Riggs House was the headquarters for the advocates of Woman's Rights, as Mrs. Spofford, the wife of the proprietor, was a leader in the movement. Miss Susan B. Anthony spent a part of every winter there, and she and little Polly were very good friends. She is a very kind, gentle woman with a pleasant face, iron gray hair, and a spare figure. She wore a handsome black silk dress and dainty little lace cap every night to dinner. Her voice, usually very low, could fill a hall, if necessary. A Woman's Rights Convention was held in Washington just when la grippe was at its height. Miss Anthony was the presiding officer. A meek little woman got up to speak, but could not be heard, there was so much coughing. Miss Anthony arose and said sternly, "Every one will please stop coughing, or leave the building." In five minutes you could have heard a pin drop.

Polly's father was on the Appropriation Committee. One day when she was curled up fast asleep in a big arm chair, she was awakened by a knock at the door, and when she said "come in," there entered a sweet, old-fashioned looking woman, a little bent with age, with big, dark eyes, a smiling mouth, and hair brought smoothly over her ears and fastened in a knot low on her neck.

She was followed by a small man about fifty years old. The lady smiled at Polly and said, "Your father told me to come at five o'clock, and here I am. I am Miss Barton." Polly's eyes grew large and round. She blurted out, "Are you the Red Cross Miss Barton who goes to wars and floods and earthquakes?" Miss Barton, smiling, answered, "I suppose I am the one you mean." Polly's father came in just then, and they began talking of a bill before the committee for the relief of some sufferers from a famine, and the child was sent out of the room, but this acquaintance ripened into friendship.

Polly's sister loved to go to Miss Barton's, and so did Polly; the sister because it was so quiet and tranquil in the little old-fashioned house after the whirl of society—Polly because Miss Barton would get out her beautiful jewels, badges, ribbons and pins that had been given her because of her Red Cross work. One thing that seemed especially lovely to Polly was an enormous pansy, its petals cut out of amethyst, and each petal surrounded by brilliants. It was given to Miss Barton by the Empress Augusta of Germany. Sometimes, to please the child, Miss Barton would put on all her jewels and decorations, and there were so many that her dress was completely hidden. Miss Barton kept the most irregular hours. Often she sat up all night and slept the next day. She never realized that other people did not do the same thing, and saw no reason why, if she had the time to talk to you, you should not listen until long after midnight. When you saw Miss Barton coming you might be sure her secretary, Dr. Hubbell, was not far away. He was her right hand man, and had been her secretary for years. He would tell Polly wonderful stories of their experiences when he could make himself stop listening to Miss Barton, but he seemed to enjoy everything she told, and would sit and look at her as if she were the queen of the world.

Polly had been so much with older people that she was far more mature than most children of her age. Sitting on her father's knee while he read his paper, she spelled out the large letters, then the small ones, until she knew how to read before her family realized that she knew her letters. She was a great hero-worshipper. The justices of the Supreme Court, in their long black gowns, Senators, members of the Cabinet, even the

President himself, did not strike awe to her heart; but an actor, any one who had written a book, composed a melody or painted a picture, seemed a divinity to her. One day she ran into her father's study and found him talking to a gentleman she had never seen before. Her father said, "Mr. Clemens, this is my little girl." Polly was awed at last, for she knew this was the man who had told about the little Prince of England and the Pauper Boy, and about those bad boys, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. But how solemn he looked, as if he had never laughed in his life. Polly secretly thought her father must have made a mistake.

Lawrence Barrett came to Washington about this time, and as Polly could not and would not be left in the hotel by herself, she was taken every night to the theatre. One day her sister received a note from a friend, asking her to a small reception, at which Lawrence Barrett was to read. The child was wild, and teased to be allowed to go, until at last her sister wrote to her friend, asking if she might bring Polly. When the child learned the friends would be very glad to have her come, she could not rest, and on the morning of the reading she was up by six o'clock, worrying the whole family by her repeated question, "Isn't it time to go?" Being the smallest person at the reception, and not having learned the art of concealing her thoughts, Mr. Barrett noticed her admiration, and amused by it, came and spoke a few words to Polly. That night when he played *Richieu* she could hardly believe it was the same kind, tranquil man she had seen in the morning.

At Christmas, when Polly was given a beautiful boy doll, dressed in a velvet suit and having hair almost as thick and shining as her own curls, she at once named him Lawrence Barrett.

In a few weeks Wilson Barrett came to Washington and, one Wednesday afternoon, Polly found herself in the great parlor of the Riggs House, standing by the kind-hearted wife of the Speaker of the House. But it was not Mrs. Carlisle who caused Polly to stand with open mouth, her gray eyes black with excitement and her dimpled cheeks redder than her scarlet sash. No, it was a dark, distinguished looking man of medium height who had just entered. This was Wilson Barrett. Polly was so close to him she could stretch out her little hand and touch him. She noticed every detail, though she seemed to be in a dream. He

appeared much older than "Claudian" or "Chatterton"; his dark hair, worn a little long, was curly at the ends, and he had on a very low turned-down collar. His voice was extremely pleasant and he spoke unlike any one else—very low, but very distinctly. Polly thought at once, "I will call my doll Barrett, and then he will be named for Lawrence Barrett and Wilson Barrett, too."

The next great event in Polly's life was a trip to Baltimore to see Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and Madame Modjeska in "Hamlet." She was going to see that great actor who would not come to Washington because he had been hissed off the stage there soon after Lincoln was killed. The Washington people would gladly welcome him now, but he would not come. The eventful day arrived at last; they were sitting in the Baltimore theatre and the curtain rose. Polly was disappointed at first, and said, "Oh! I don't like him at all; why he is too old;" but soon she was on her feet, wild with interest. She had to be pulled down, and was finally told that if she stood up again she would be taken away. Years afterwards, when she was a big blasé Polly, she thought with happiness of that wonderful afternoon.

That winter at the Riggs House were a quiet Senator and his wife, who always stopped Polly for a little chat when they met her in the halls or on the staircase. They were friendly with every one, but friends with no one. Even in the hotel a home-like atmosphere seemed to surround them. The wife did not spend all her time calling and going to teas and receptions as the other ladies did. On Sundays a tall, white-haired old man always dined with them. This quiet couple were Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, afterwards the President and the first lady of the land. The old man was Mrs. Harrison's father, Dr. Scott.

Polly was remembered in her own town because she rode a white pony; people in Washington remembered her because she was always dressed in white. In her white broadcloth coat, which came down to her heels, her little white silk mittens and her white cap, she was always taken for a saucy little boy. When her father and brothers went calling on New Year's Day she went as a matter of course, and felt very much injured if they made her wait for them in the carriage. She always comforted herself by questioning the drivers about their horses, and they, thinking



she was a boy, were extremely talkative. They would say, "Little Marse will be a statesman like his pa, some of these days."

Polly's family were tired of hotel life, and in the spring they took a pretty furnished house near the British Legation. Polly had some pets now, and one of the most beloved was a little alligator which had been brought to her from Florida. It was lost once for several days. One afternoon a very stylish young man, a Secretary of the Legation, came to call. He sat down on the divan, but suddenly said "Oh!" and jumped up in such a hurry that his single eyeglass fell out of his eye. The dear alligator had been hiding under a cushion and had bitten the caller, much to Polly's delight.

Two or three years went by and Polly had grown self-conscious and, sad to say, conceited. Her family went to the Church of the Covenant. One morning they saw a friend from their own town, and Polly's father invited him to lunch, telling him Polly would show the way, as he himself had an engagement and would be detained in getting there. As Polly and the gentleman went down the church steps he said, "I have had neuralgia and must tie up my head." So over a high silk hat, which had been bought in honor of the visit to the city, he tied a large white knitted muffler. Polly had to walk up the most fashionable avenue of Washington, meeting every one she knew, seeing people turn and stare at her queer-looking companion, nudge each other and smile broadly, until her own door was reached and the ordeal was over. When she told her father about it he said she should have been proud to walk with so good a man, no matter how he was dressed, but Polly always suspected her father remembered that engagement after he saw the white muffler sticking out of his friend's coat pocket.

It was decided that Polly was too large, now, to run wild any longer, and she was to be sent to Europe to learn French and German and to study music. Her elder sister was to go for the pleasure of the trip and to take care of Polly. Such bustling, hurrying and sewing Polly had never seen. If she stayed at home she had to do errands or try on clothes, so she ran away. The servants who were sent to bring her home would sometimes find her hanging on behind street cars; stealing ice out of the back of ice-wagons, or skating down a hill. Sometimes they

would not find her at all, for she would run up on the roof of the house and hide behind the chimneys. That was always her refuge, for no one could go up the ladder as fast as she could, and once there, she was safe.

At last all was ready, and the train which bore Polly away from home steamed out of the station. The bright, wondering eyes were bright no longer as Polly thought of the long years in a foreign country that lay before her. She seemed to know she was leaving her careless, happy childhood behind. As she lost sight of the broad streets, green trees and lovely parks of Washington she remembered a scene of her childhood days.

In the east room of the White House, standing by one of the windows that look toward the Potomac, were three persons—an elderly woman, quietly dressed, and with a very sad face; a distinguished looking, white-haired man and a little child. The lady's hand lay on the child's head, and the gentleman said, "Polly, I want you to know your kinswoman, Mrs. Fremont. Her father was the great statesman, Thomas H. Benton, and she was his little companion as you are mine." Mrs. Fremont said, "My dear, I love to look at you; you remind me of myself. I am poor and old and sad now, but I, too, was once young and gay. May *you* always be as happy as you are now."

M. B.

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## Through Raging Seas.

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**A**FTER a most delightful trip to the World's Fair, Niagara and New York, our party started Saturday, August 26th, on the steamer City of Birmingham for Savannah, Georgia.

Our voyage, as far as Cape Hatteras, was most pleasant and uneventful, but while rounding the Cape the wind and sea became fearful. Though a little frightened, we for a time regarded it as the usual roughness at that point; but the storm continued to increase in fury until, at daylight on Monday, a grand and most fearful sight met our eyes, as for a few moments we raised our heads and looked from the windows. The vessel was tossed about

like a toy, while mighty waves swept her deck. No one dared attempt to leave his berth.

As far as the eye could reach nothing could be seen but mountain waves, like giants in battle array, arising in the ocean and lashing each other in their madness, while the howling wind seemed to urge them on towards the ship, that trembled as if instinct with life and understanding its peril. All day Monday the scene was terrible to behold, and one that we shall never forget. The ship seemed to be but a mite in the hands of the elements to be dashed about at their mercy. At one moment she would be riding upon the crest of great waves, like a proud conqueror, and the next would be plunged headlong and helpless into their trough. We were carried out hundreds of miles from our course and each mighty wave drove us further and further to sea.

Late in the afternoon the storm began to abate and the ship was headed towards home.

Tuesday morning we were awakened by a cry from our chaperon, and, running to the window, we beheld our first wreck. It was a schooner, water-logged, with the sea breaking over it, and seven men clinging to it. Our captain sent a life-boat to their rescue and they were brought on board. We learned that they had been clinging there since early Monday morning. All that day pieces of every description pertaining to vessels and cargo were seen in all directions. Some vessels without masts and others bottom up told us the fate of those who had lived upon them a few hours before.

Tuesday afternoon, about six o'clock, a wreck was sighted, but from the distance we were we could not tell whether it was a ship or a sailing-vessel, as the smoke-stack was gone, the hull under water, and the waves sweeping over the deck. Captain Berg steered the Birmingham as near as possible to the wreck and burned a signal light, which was answered by a light of the same line of steamers. A boat was immediately lowered and sent to the wreck, and about eleven o'clock returned, bringing the news that the city of Savannah was in the breakers three miles from shore, going to pieces rapidly, with the passengers and crew lashed to the rigging. It was then so late and the sea so rough that an attempt to aid them before daylight was impossible. The Birmingham was anchored for the night, and everything put in readiness

for the rescue. At four o'clock the next morning two boats, with an officer and four sailors in each, left for the wreck, and by eleven o'clock they had brought from the Savannah the passengers and crew, who had been hanging about her for thirty-six hours, without food and water, threatened with death, and from whose breasts all hope had departed. They were all welcomed on board and everything possible was done for them by our captain and crew.

One of the most pitiful sights we ever beheld was that of one of the passengers who was rescued from the Savannah. He was an old white-haired man—a minister—and the excitement and exposure to which he had been subjected had deranged his mind so completely that he did not know his name.

By twelve o'clock we were again headed towards home, and though we sighted several more vessels with sails and other portions of the rigging gone, they were apparently not in need of help. At two o'clock we reached Tybee Island, where we remained until the tide enabled us to enter the river.

The Birmingham was expected in Savannah, and the moment it came in sight was greeted with a cheer that could be heard in the center of the city. Along the five miles of wharves people were crowded, and as we neared our wharf the cheers grew louder and longer, and were responded to by whistles, from the gong and cheers from all on board the Birmingham. Long before the vessel had been docked, fathers, brothers and friends were there, waiting eagerly to welcome us back. As soon as the gang-plank was swung up there was a rush for it, and the crowd had to be pulled back and held by force until we landed, and then such greetings as there were!

KEMPER PEACOCK.



## Pabla.

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**I**N the heart of the "City of Missions," San Antonio, stands the battle-scarred Alamo. Its grey stone walls are defaced by time, but to all lovers of the ancient it bears a wonderful charm, while to the Texan it stands a monument in memory of the brave men whose lives were lost in its defense. It was here that the defenders of Texas liberty saw, floating from the old cathedral, the red flag and then the black one that told them how little mercy they might expect from the cruel commander of the enemy.

The sun was setting, bathing the Alamo in a lurid light that seemed more fully to remind men of the scenes of horror and bloodshed that had been enacted within its walls. Standing in the door of the building was the small figure of a girl who seemed to have reached that point of life where, with shaded eyes, the maid looks forward timidly into the dim future of her dawning womanhood. Drawn around her head and shoulders was a dark red shawl, which hung in careless, graceful folds to where two small sandaled feet peeped out, proclaiming her to be of the plebian class. Her hands were clasped over her head and her dark eyes gazed dreamily out upon the moving, changing throng of people. She did not seem to be heeding them, and, when she was addressed in broken Spanish by a young girl who had just entered, Pabla was startled, but, with a native grace, moved aside, making a queer little curtesy. The young girl had evidently taken her to be the person in charge of the place and wished to be guided through it. Hardly understanding her words, Pabla gazed at her wonderingly, and then, in a puzzled tone, asked, in very good English, but with the slightest foreign accent, what she could do for her. The girl explained, and, as Pabla led her into the queer old building, she listened with rapt attention to the story of its siege and fall.

Twilight was fading into night when Bessie McLeod stepped out of the mission into the street. She had been so engrossed in listening to the many old legends woven around it and so interested in the little narrator that time had passed unheeded. She handed a small piece of silver to Pabla in payment for her services,

and was surprised to see the girl shake her head even while looking longingly at the coin. "I cannot take it! I not belong here. I am Pabla, who lives far away by the Rio, with her grandmother," she explained. Seeing that she had made a mistake in thinking Pabla the keeper of the old place, Bessie still pressed the coin upon her, and, won from her natural northern coldness to something of southern impulsiveness by the wondrous dark eyes uplifted to hers, she drew forth one of her cards and, writing her address upon it and handing it to the girl, said, "You must come and see me, Pabla." Bessie then hastened away, carrying with her the memory of a pair of wistful dark eyes and a soft, sweet smile. Pabla lingered at the door watching her move down the street until she was lost in the changing throng; then, with a shy, half-ashamed motion, she lifted the small piece of pasteboard to her lips. Never, she thought, had she met any one so kind.

Darkness warned Pabla that night was fast approaching and she must hasten home. She left the Alamo, reluctantly at first, then moving more swiftly until she scarce seemed to touch the ground. The lights and bustle of the city were soon far behind her and she reached a small Mexican hut down on the river's bank. Outside, on the ground, a fire was burning brightly, and around it were grouped the figures of several men who were conversing in low tones. As Pabla saw them she muttered to herself, "That Juan has come home again," and she tried to slip unseen into the house, but a voice warned her that the attempt was useless. "Pabla! Pabla!" the voice called, and reluctantly she moved forward to where, waiting for the coffee to boil, were three swarthy, dark-eyed men. Sitting in a low pine chair, close up against the wall of the hut, was a queer, withered old woman, whose face was one mass of wrinkles, out of which gleamed a pair of deep-set eyes that seemed to move about as if never at rest. The old woman looked eagerly at Pabla, who hastened to her side. The men seemed glad to see her, and appeared to care greatly for her, but Pabla answered none of their questions, and, slipping down beside the quiet figure of the old woman, put into her hand the coin Bessie had given her. The longing look she had cast upon it before was now explained, for the old woman seemed overjoyed and no less happy than Pabla herself. What avenues of luxury that small coin opened to them! It seemed wealth untold.

The men continued their conversation, while the old woman nodded in her chair, muttering to herself in her sleep, and Pabla by her side, in the gleam of the firelight, was trying to spell out the words on the card she held in her hand. Suddenly her attention was called to the men. Juan was talking in excited tones, and she caught the words, "La Americana del Norte." Could they be talking about the fair, young girl who had just a few hours before described to her the beautiful home in the far north where the ground was covered all winter long with a wonderful white sheet of snow? They had lowered their voices, but she strained her ears to catch the words, becoming more and more convinced that Bessie was the subject of their conversation and that another of Juan's rather shady deeds was about to transpire. There was little in their words to prove to her that her conjecture was true, but some instinct seemed to tell her so. She listened. They were planning a robbery. The victims were to be a fair, young American and her invalid mother, who had come to spend the winter in a cottage on Flores Street. Midnight, the hour when evil, always shunning the bright light of day, walks abroad, was the time. Pabla listened no longer. Her mind was busy devising some way to thwart their design. One plan after another passed through her mind only to be dismissed for fear of implicating Juan, who, in his rough way, had been kind to her, and, although he deserved arrest, she felt that she could not in any way aid in bringing him to justice. Suddenly a thought came to her. Juan was very superstitious, and she might frighten him by personating a ghost.

The old grandmother, sitting back in her chair, was fast asleep. Rousing her, Pabla helped her into the house; and, taking her over to where a solitary candle sputtered and flickered before a tiny image of the Virgin, she handed her the card and told her to read it for her. The old woman was frightened and half asleep, but, with a muttered prayer and making the sign of the cross to ward off some imagined evil, she read the address.

The next morning, gathered around the same fire, were the three men, Pabla and her grandmother. They were eating their breakfast. Juan wore a half-frightened look, and every now and then glanced backward as though some danger were lurking near. The men were talking, while Pabla, silent and eagerly listening,

heard Juan say that he believed that the ghost they had met the night before had been a spirit sent to warn them. He declared he would attempt no other robbery. The other men were silent. They, too, had been frightened by the ghostly apparition. Pabla listened, rejoicing. She had not even dared to imagine such a result as this. Juan to rob no more!

As soon as Pabla finished her morning tasks she eagerly hastened to the old mission, hoping that Bessie would again visit the place. In her hand she carried a bunch of beautiful pond-lilies, but they had begun to droop before Bessie appeared. She had come to sketch the old mission and had feared that, all alone, the time would pass drearily, for she had but half-hoped to see Pabla again.

That winter to Pabla seemed in after years the happiest one in her life. Although Bessie never knew from what Pabla had saved her, she grew to love her, and many were the hours they spent together. Bessie taught her in the evenings in the quiet little cottage, and Pabla grew to love the little gray-haired mother she met at these times only second to Bessie herself.

One day Pabla found out from Juan that she was really no relation to the old woman or himself, but had been adopted by them. Bessie, hearing this, begged her to return with her to the north and live with her always, but Pabla remembered the duty she owed to the old woman who had so long cared for her, and refused. One morning, just a week before the time that Bessie was to leave, Pabla, going into the room, found the old woman, as she thought at first, asleep, but upon trying to awaken her she found that she was dead. Pabla went north with Bessie, but every winter finds them both in Texas. She is very happy in her northern home, although perhaps there are at times longings for the sunny southland of Texas.

LOTTA SAVAGE.

## **The Second International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.**

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**O**F the many conventions in this decade of conventions and conferences none, perhaps, promises larger results than the enthusiastic gathering of students in Detroit, Michigan, from February 28th to March 4th. As the Cleveland Convention marked the beginning of a new era in the history of the Christian life of our colleges, so to the Detroit Convention will be traced the extension of a movement which must soon touch the student life of the world.

Never was a more hospitable city chosen for a convention; right royal was the welcome extended by Detroit. With the brightest of skies smiling above us, the most beautiful homes opened for us, and the largest church given over to us, we felt that never before had a convention been so warmly received. Every seat in the Central Methodist Church was occupied when Mr. Stebbins opened the Convention by singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." As the entire audience joined him in singing, the hymn became an inspiring Marseillaise, and, with such an army of consecrated and intensely earnest young men and women, the watch-cry of the organization, "The evangelization of the world in this generation," seemed an easy possibility.

The first evening was given to Rev. R. E. Speer, whose masterly analysis of Paul, the model missionary, held the attention of the audience for nearly two hours. During one entire morning session the qualifications of the missionary were discussed. Dr. Judson Smith ably advocated the necessity of thorough intellectual equipment. "True mental discipline," said he, "unlimbers a man and makes him more adaptable to every trying circumstance. The process of acquiring is a testing and sifting process which eliminates the least useful. We are bound to offer God the service of the best we can realize in ourselves." Rev. Harlan Beach showed, in his inimitable way, the importance of practical training. His motto was, "Prepare to touch humanity at



every possible point." Dr. J. Hudson Taylor made a most earnest appeal in behalf of "close communion with God as the full equipment for the foreign field." Without movement or gesture, his simplicity of manner produced a profound impression. The same evening Dr. Taylor again addressed the Convention on the Spiritual Needs and Claims of China. He was followed by Miss Guinness, who gave many instances of the power of a living gospel to reach the hearts of the Chinese, showing that the best way to win for Christ is to live winsome lives. It was a supreme pleasure to listen to the voice of Miss Guinness and look into a face so full of inspiration. One of the strongest addresses of the Convention was Dr. A. J. Gordon's—"The Man of God and the Word of God." It was not until Saturday morning that we heard Dr. A. T. Pierson, who spoke on the Watch-Cry of the movement. He developed mission service under two heads—the work of a herald and the work of a witness. "Seven things are auxiliary to the immediate evangelization of the world: world-wide exploration, communication, assimilation, civilization, emancipation, preparation, organization."

The afternoons of each day were given up to section meetings, in which the phases of missionary work, the various fields, their conditions and needs, and the methods for awakening and extending missionary zeal in colleges as yet untouched, were ably presented by specialists in these several departments. Of all the conferences the most interesting to the women of the Convention was the one held on Thursday afternoon in the Central Methodist Church—interesting because it opened the eyes of many to the far-reaching character and wonderful success of woman's work. This conference was controlled in their interest and dominated by them. As Mr. Mott, the president of the organization, had proved himself a master of assemblies, so Mrs. Wishard showed her power to organize with ready tact and executive ability. Notable women were there, some to speak, many to listen. Inspiration, information and practical counsel were given. The great regret was that all could not be heard at length, but it was a high privilege to come in touch with such noble workers as Miss Geraldine Guinness, of China, Miss Pauline Roote, M. D., of India, and Miss Ben Oriel, of Jerusalem.

The conference of the Southern delegates was of especial in-

terest to those from that section. Although a little band among so many, we were glad to find that we numbered one hundred and two. With hearts charged with holy purposes, and with enthusiasm for missions deepened, the influence of the Detroit Convention will doubtless be felt throughout our Southland. In order to bring the students into contact with their various boards, a few hours of one morning were given to denominational conferences. It was "a little company" of Southern Presbyterians who gathered in the lecture-room of the Central Baptist Church, but the memory of the cosy informality of that "coming apart," the cheery words of Dr. Chester, the frank, helpful suggestions of Mr. Sampson, the tender, sympathetic prayer of Mr. Rankin will long linger with the members of our delegation.

The report of the Convention, read by Mr. Mott, was a most complete presentation of the purpose, field, results, influence and policy of the movement. It showed a remarkable growth—a Student Volunteer Missionary Union in the British universities, missionary fires kindled in the universities of Scandinavia, organizations in South Africa and India. Six hundred and eighty-six volunteers are already in fields scattered from "Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand." To realize the influence in the home land one had only to look at the vast gathering of students who were present, representing two hundred and ninety-four higher educational institutions, including preparatory, normal, training, literary, scientific, law, agricultural, medical and theological schools. The farewell meeting of Sunday night was full of great power and great possibilities for the work. A number of short addresses, given by the representatives of the various young peoples' societies, showed the quiet, earnest consecration which was the spirit of the Convention. One could not watch the eager faces of this great number of cultured young men and women and not feel that this "Epiphany of youth" meant the influence of a mighty power which will sweep around the earth. As the students from these two hundred and ninety-four colleges return to their institutions, quickened and strengthened in a life of larger faith and purpose and with but one desire—to know God's plan for their lives, we must feel that we are approaching the "beginning of the end of evangelistic enterprise."

LAURA SHORTT.

## Betsy Bell.

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BETSY BELL is the loftiest and most beautiful of the mounts by which Staunton is surrounded. Southeast of the city she towers, piloting the people from every part of the country hither. What Stauntonian, returning home after years of absence, does not look out for her familiar form, and hail her from afar with feelings of rapture?

By what attractions does Betsy Bell tempt the young to climb her rocky sides? What school-girl does not know where to find the largest and earliest violets? And what school-boy does not know where chinapins are first ripe?

Now I hear you asking, "How did she get her name?" And "thereby hangs a tale." Lying to the southeast of Betsy Bell, and very much resembling her, is another hill called Mary Gray. The story which most of the old inhabitants of Staunton will tell you is, that on the sides of the two hills stood two cottages, one owned by Mr. Bell, who had a daughter named Betsy, and the other by Mr. Gray, whose daughter's name was Mary. One day Betsy and Mary, who were close friends, were sent to find the cows which had strayed off. Night came, and as the girls did not return, the fathers made up searching parties and found the lost ones dead—tomahawked by the Indians who were, at that time, quite numerous in this part of the country.

This story, however, is without foundation. The names of the hills are of Scottish origin. According to tradition, Mary Gray's father was laird of Lednoch, and Betsy Bell's of Kinvaid. An intimate friendship sprang up between the two girls. Once, when Betsy was visiting Mary, a plague broke out in the neighborhood, and to escape it the girls built a bower near Lednoch House and lived there for some time. A young man, in love with both of the girls, came often to see them and brought them food. They caught the plague from him, and both died in their bower, and were buried half a mile from Lednoch House, near Perth. Their sad fate became the subject of a ballad, the first verse of which ran thus:



"O Betsy Bell an' Mary Gray !  
They were twa bonnie lasses—  
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,  
An' theekit it ower wi' rashes.  
They theekit it ower wi' rashes green,  
They happit it round wi' heather :  
But the pest cam' frae the burrows-town,  
An' slew them baith thegither."

When a new proprietor took possession of the manor about 1781, a heap of stones, almost covered with thorns and briars, was pointed out to him as the burial place of Betsy Bell and Mary Gray. He removed the rubbish, made the grave double, planted flowers around it, and enclosed the spot with a wall, in which he fixed a stone bearing the names of Betsy Bell and Mary Gray. The names were carried to Ireland and were applied to two mountains in the county of Tyrone. From thence they were brought by our Scotch-Irish ancestors and given to these two hills in the Valley of Virginia, thus showing how they cherished the associations of their former life in the old country.

Although Betsy Bell is no Pisgah, still no one will say that the view is not a recompense for the toil of climbing up her rocky sides. Let us look at the view which presented itself to a group of boys and girls seated on a large rock near her summit one bright, warm day last spring. How beautiful were the green meadows, lying around Staunton, rolling up to the hazy Blue Ridge mountains in the distance ! One pointed to an ice-pond in a meadow, which lay glistening in the sunlight like a sheet of silver. At the eastern base nestled the "Bodley Wagon Works," with its settlement of neat cottages. At the western base lay the beautiful buildings and well-kept grounds of the "Western Lunatic Asylum," while to the northeast was the "Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution," almost hidden by the grand, old trees which surround it. Now we turned to the northwest, and before us lay Staunton, the "Queen City of the Valley." Conspicuous in the centre were the buildings and grounds of the "A. F. S." Towering here and there above the roofs of the neighboring houses were the church-steeple. From the centre of the circle of steeples rose the tower of the "Y. M. C. A.," in which is the time-honored face of the town clock, and so clear was the air that, looking through our field-glasses, we could see the exact

time. To the west, in the distance, lay the flourishing town of West-End, the country roads leading from it looking like bands of yellow ribbon.

But while we were gazing on this beautiful panorama stretched out before us, the silvery chimes of a church bell came floating up the hillside, rousing us from the spell by which we were held. We slowly descended the slope, for the most part in silence, no one knowing how to give expression to his thoughts. As we reached the base and looked back at Betsy Bell lighted up by the glory of the setting sun, these lines of the poet came to our minds with double force:

“And Day grown old, with tints of gold  
Perhaps may light thy face;  
And silvery Night may crown thy height  
With ornaments of grace.”

MARY TROTTER.

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## Beauty.

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A BROWN and white spotted dog, with shaggy hair, lies stretched on a Moquet carpet at his mistress' feet. The gas is turned low and a deep red shade softens and mellows the light. With eyes full of devotion and faithfulness the dog looks steadily up at the lady and he shows a pride in feeling that he is her companion and protector.

Hanging on the wall is a painting of a handsome, well-built, spirited dog of Prussian Pomeranian breed—the portrait of Beauty in his younger days. The fire in the eyes, the delicate muscles, the graceful contour of figure, are several reasons for his having the name he bears. He is now twelve years old, and age has to some extent enfeebled him, yet he still has a fine spirit and on account of his faithfulness may be said truly “to have a beauty in his soul.”

As he lies there in the dim quiet, surrounded with love and comforts, I believe he is contrasting the life he now enjoys with the very different one he led before he met his beloved mistress.

He is thinking of the days when he was a circus dog, having to do tricks; "dance for the ladies" and master the Prussian drill; of the coarse men, his masters; of the cheering crowd which watched him; of the light that dazzled his eyes; of his escape from his tormentors, of his coming to the Seminary; of the many hundreds of girls he has known here; of his former companion, Midget, whose remains rest under the green sod outside Prof. Meyer's window, and whose grave Beauty frequently visits, while Miss Baldwin is taking a nap. He thanks fate for his present good fortune and reflects with pleasure that he is apt to remain here till death, for he knows that, securely locked in the great iron safe near him, lies the deed to his person, drawn up according to law, and Miss Baldwin will never part with it.

In such reflections he falls asleep, tired from the many steps he has taken through the day. But, as with us human beings, his brain did not entirely stop working. During his nap many scenes flitted through his mind which might be traced to some of the incidents of the day just spent.

First he was in the infirmary with sick girls in beds and bottles of medicine all about him, but always close to the side of his lady, who went from bed to bed with a word of sympathy for each sufferer. Suddenly appeared the infirmary cat and Dr. Wayt's dogs. An angry feeling filled him—"Am I not sole pet of this place?" Then he fights them.

He next sees many girls, each with pencil and paper, sitting at a table, copying column after column out of a pocket edition of Webster's Dictionary. Beauty had witnessed such a scene in the Office that morning, and as he saw the girls he had thought: "I am very sorry for you, my dear young friends. Youth will be gay and thoughtless."

Next he was quietly eating his lunch out of an earthen platter in Office Hall when in trooped files of hungry looking girls—a never ending line. Surely they had come to rob him of his beef-steak! But, no; they turn to a table laden with paper bags and go out, arms filled with Saturday "orders," without molesting him.

He shudders, sniffs and shakes his head as the next vision flits over his mind. Oh! those girls have caught him and are clipping off little bits of his beautiful tail for their "memoirs"!

He imagines he hears all the fifty pianos of the Seminary. My!

what discords! Becoming more and more disturbed he awakens; jumps to his feet. The sound increases; it grows unbearable; with a bark he leaps to the door; Miss Baldwin follows; the passage is cleared and the back gallery gained, he barking vociferously! Oh! no it was not the pianos. About fifty girls are marching around and around the back yard, each playing a comb, tooting a horn, or beating with a stick on a large tin foot-tub. Beauty's ears positively ache; he barks and turns around rapidly and wildly. "It is the serenade!"

FLORENCE RONEY.

### A School Girl's Thoughts.

**I**S thinking not the exercise of the mind, of the powers of understanding? Is not a school girl blessed with an intellect? Yes, indeed, she is, although the world does try to prove that she is only a thoughtless, insipid creature, and a general subject for compassion. If people could only see into the fathomless depths of a poor girl's mind, could only read the secrets of her heart, the flood of tears in this world of ours would be somewhat reduced, and the Republicans might raise the tariff on "Broma Soda" as high as they please. If those beings whom Johnson called "wretched, unidea'd girls" were only regarded as a branch of the human family, endowed with feelings similar to those experienced by other mortals, the lives of many would be much happier.

As a rule grown people are inclined to look upon the "hope of the nation" (that means us) somewhat as the little girl of six regarded her young brother of five and three-quarters when she said—

"My little brother is Oh! so funny,  
He thinks that the moon is made of honey.

Our sight may be rather clouded by the "follies of youth," but it is true, nevertheless, that while building air castles we climb near enough to the moon to see that it is not a composition of honey or of green cheese.

Longfellow credited the thoughts of youth with being "long, long ones." He, no doubt, thought this a great concession, and I suppose we ought to be gratified to have so wise a man think we have a quantity of ideas although the quality be rather doubtful.

School girls spend most of their time in mastering the thoughts of others, in understanding the puzzling questions in mathematics and science solved by great thinkers of bygone days. Our education, however, does not consist merely in the mastery of ideas and opinions of others to the exclusion of our own original thought. How many "why's" and "wherefore's" the careful student of history will find to make her "wrinkle her brow and meditate!" How our minds are elevated and directed in noble lines of thought by literary study! Our intellects are being widened each day, drinking in the knowledge which, when we pass from our "teens" to our "ty's," is to make us all-powerful.

The process of education is a painful one, it is true, especially for girls who, taken miles away from their homes and mothers to boarding-school, have so many other troubles to contend with besides lessons. Homesickness is the greatest of these mountains of difficulty. We have all experienced the malady and are quite familiar with the symptoms. The first and most alarming is a sickening feeling about the heart and an indescribable longing to see your mother, the only person who really knows how to sympathize and kiss away the tears. A loss of appetite, insomnia and headache always follow these feelings, accompanied by rather misty-looking eyes and a mouth puckered up in a way which would lead one to suppose the victim was cutting her wisdom tooth. One thing that we have not learned to do is to "frown at pleasure and smile at pain."

When forsaken by everybody, surrounded by all sorts of earthly monsters of sin and care, even "poor school girls" have a friend in the Heavenly Father, who is no respecter of persons. In Him we find our refuge and strength.

Girls' minds, like Tom Sawyer's pocket, are full of "odds and ends," on the order of Easter gowns, curling irons and sweethearts. Yes—sweethearts—for although teachers have contrived to keep such characters out of sight, none of them have as yet been able to invent a safety-valve to keep them out of mind.



Many of us have thoughts for the future which, no doubt, would amuse our elders if they only knew them. Some of us want to "grow up and be famous and have our names known in the world," but most had rather "stay home with our mothers and have our hair peacefully curled." Come what may we will grow up to be fine ladies in spite of all our big sisters can do. Perhaps by that time this glorious Union will have acknowledged "woman's rights," and our teachers may yet be brought to undergo the pain of seeing us side by side with scores of "Kableites" and "University Boys" as Judges of the Supreme Court or as Representatives in Congress. But whatever may be our lot, whatever position we may be called to fill, the highest ambition of every one of us is to be "Earth's noblest thing, a perfect woman."

HALLIE OGLE.

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## A Music Lesson Under Difficulties.

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IT is a wet, rainy day, verily a "blue Monday" with me, and I make my way to my professor's room, slowly—very slowly, for though most half hours are composed of thirty minutes, I feel that twenty-five or even twenty minutes are more than enough for this one. The professor looks as if the rainy weather and the stupidity of my predecessor have been too much for him and he takes up my Beethoven as if he knows just how I am going to play.

It is the "Sonate Pathetique" to-day, and, as I strike the first chord, so expressive of grief, I feel that my own spirit answers to the emotion. But before the following supplication for deliverance is completed, my feelings of intense desire for relief make me too expressive and I am overwhelmed by the consciousness that I am not playing in time and by seeing the professor get out his metronome (that is what it is, I think, but I heard one young lady call it a tape-measure).

At last, when the introduction has been played, the emotion in my soul being "mortification" and in the professor's, I fear, "dis-

gust," I take the first movement, which is "Agitato con Molto," and get through famously.

Next is an "Adagio"—slow, peaceful, prayerful—and how am I to play that when I feel fidgety, uneasy and in an exceedingly bad frame of mind with myself and every one else? Certainly I am not in a musical mood to-day and visions of a half-prepared literature lesson rise in my mind and I suppose make me strike those bad notes which draw forth an expression of pain from the professor. I play the whole movement too fast, unevenly and without any expression.

The fourth movement is happier, and though the literature lesson still haunts me, I gradually fall into the spirit of the piece and again look forward to the day when I shall play with expression and "consummate grace," as the professor would say.

When I, at last, come to the end, I am told by the professor, who is the personification of patience, that I must make this Sonate a study in expression, that every note in Beethoven means something and that our greatest master thought music too sacred a thing to trifle with. I feel more than ever like the desecrator of some holy thing.

How my studies are played I do not know, but the bell soon puts an end to my misery. I receive my "Good-morning, Miss," with a very sober face and hurry forth to meet my destiny in another sphere.

ANN RIDDLE.

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## How a Pickle Bottle Figured at the White City.

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MAY blessings be upon the head of President Higginbotham (or whoever it was that "invented" the World's Fair) for affording us an inexhaustible storehouse of composition subjects!

When the "Annual" was first discussed in class, instantly a dozen eyes brightened with the sudden remembrance of Midway with "all its sights and shrieks unholy;" of the delightful hours spent upon the lazy lagoon, with only the soft blue sky overhead and the low music of the waves as the gondolier plied his oar

with untiring energy; of the Court of Honor, transformed into Fairy land, with its myriad of lights reflected upon the sparkling waters around. Strange to relate a pickle bottle, magnified beyond all rational proportions, loomed up before my "mind's eye." "A pickle bottle," you say? Yes, a *pickle* bottle. Often great destinies hinge upon trifles, and how so insignificant an object as a pickle bottle got certain people "into a pickle" you shall see.

One morning in particular, equipped with the all-necessary "carpet-bag, box, and unbril," we started out on another day's tour through the Fair Grounds.

The day was exceedingly warm, so after having followed the surging throng through the spacious aisles of the Manufactures Building, until our brain was all in a whirl and "things were not what they seemed," we sank down upon the most convenient sofa for a brief rest. Near us sat a fellow-companion in misery, fresh from the land where the hay seeds grow, comfortably ensconced in a great high chair, the very picture of an ideal Santa Claus with the huge pockets of his linen duster crammed to their utmost with all sizes of things. Here a doll's head was just visible, there a fan from the Midway, bum-bum, Vienna waffles, glass beads and shapes and designs of advertisement cards and calendars.

Presently a little miss of eight years or more runs up: "Here, Pap, put this in," holding up one of Pabst's gorgeous illustrations. "Lor' no, child; I'm full now," says our friend with a groan. Notwithstanding such objection, the child, adding one more stone to the heap, skipped off in search of other valuables.

After our weary bones were somewhat rested we started out again on our way, leaving our poor old friend wrapped in "a deep dream of peace."

By and by a never-failing instinct warned us of the approach of lunch hour, so we turned aside into the shady retreat of the Swedish Caf  , where the fresh, cool breezes from over the waters came in upon us. There, after having given our order, we patiently awaited the convenience of our waiter. In the interim mother bethought herself of a bottle of "Pin-money" pickle she had in her possession, so this was produced, and, in turn, each one devoted his or her efforts upon its obstinate fastenings. Here is work for idle hands to do. Young man over the way with "nothing to comb but hair," apparently engrossed in one of the standard



novels of the day, takes note of it. The god of mischief perched on his shoulder whispered in his ear: "There's the bottle—Father reading newspaper—Girl—New dress—Your chance!"

A hint to the wise. With a most irresistible smile he approached our table: "Ah! Permit me." Our own fingers were aching with useless exertion, so we gladly consigned the bottle to his delicate hands.

A sigh, a twist, a jerk, but of no avail—that clasp defied all efforts to be loosened. Finally our hero, "screwing his courage to the sticking place," made one last desperate attempt, and pop goes the pickle—here, there and everywhere. The curtain fell very hastily on quite an animated scene. Father and mother coughing, sneezing, "sans eyes, sans nose," sans everything but pickle; girl sorrowfully wiping away its traces from her damaged frock, while away at a safe distance, young man, seeing it all, gives vent to a horrid laugh.

What were our feelings? Well, perhaps they are best unsaid; suffice it to say that the *Pater*, with an ominous shake of the head, vowed vengeance upon the first fellow that dared offer us any assistance whatsoever.

After that we swallowed our lunch in "golden silence" with the exception of an occasional titter which was really irrepressible.

We started out again on our way, "rather the worse for wear," leaving the Swedish Cafè with its unspeakable recollections, far behind. A week had rolled by in which time those "master scenes of passion, blood and death," as displayed upon the Midway, began to "pall upon our minds;" it was with little reluctance that we disentangled ourselves from their enchantment and sought relief along the pebbly beach. There, imperceptibly we drifted apart, and it was only when coming upon a most charming little alcove hid among the many turns and windings of the lake shore that mother and I discovered father's absence. Nevertheless, having no apprehensions whatever, we paused here to wait for him while enjoying the beauty of the surrounding scene. Soon we descried him hurrying towards us, and gathering up our "traps" we emerged from our pleasant recess. Upon our inquiries as to his long stay, father said he had been engaged in conversation with a young man whom he considered to be so exemplary in every respect that he wished us to meet him too, and before I

could even adjust my hat, or arrange my disordered curls—there he was! “Heavens! Oh! that pickle!” I mentally ejaculated, but seeing no one was the wiser, I evinced no sign of recognition. Well, we discussed the most conventional subjects,

“Talked of the haying and wondered whether  
The clouds in the West would bring foul weather.”

However, in the course of time, the conversation grew more interesting and animated. Our new acquaintance possessed that happy faculty of telling a joke well, and merry peals of laughter rang out on the air. Suddenly our friend mentioned a very laughable experience of his some days before, and without further preliminaries, began its recital. Oh! horrible thought! My very blood ran cold, and immediately I was seized with a most distressing cough in my desperation to prevent an inevitable catastrophe; but seeing that all my efforts were totally ignored and receiving a most ominous frown from mother, I was forced to resign myself to resistless fate. “It was at a Café,” he began, “and a goodly crowd was there, all chatting and eating in the usual way. Seated at my right a certain party attracted my attention in their vain attempts to open a—pickle bottle.” Here my father’s stentorian voice fell upon us like a thunder bolt: “I think it is too cool out here for the ladies. Come, go in!” “Oh! the pity of it! Oh! the pity of it!” We went; but in “one last, lingering look behind” a second time I saw that horrid young man—laughing!

MAGGIE BELLE ROLLER.

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## A Peep Into the Future.

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### I.

**D**EAR EDITORS OF THE ANNUAL: Although you are unknown to us, yet we feel drawn to you by the common bonds of love and sympathy which exist between all old students of the A. F. S.

Yes, we were once Seminary girls and members of the English

Literature class. We were the girls to be found haunting the library, trying to sound the depths of Burke's "Conciliation with America," or laboring under the mental weight of Milton's "Areogagitica," trying to look very wise all the while. We wonder if you girls turn, with the same feelings that we did, the well-thumbed pages of Lowell and of Macaulay.

With these ties to bind us, may we beg the use of the columns of your ANNUAL to tell you some little gleanings, gathered here and there, of the class of '94?

Only yesterday we received circulars extensively advertising "Lectures on Dress Reform." The circular was issued by Lucile Kilby, who doubtless will be well remembered by some of the teachers. Lucile, even in her A. F. S. days, violently opposed tight clothes, and the summer after she left the Seminary she began to give to the world the benefit of her ideas.

While traveling through the West two summers ago we visited the State Asylum of California. What was our surprise and delight to recognize in the placid, sad-faced matron who received us at the door, our old classmate, Beatrice Chandler. She has changed very little; has the same quiet, demure manner she had of yore, and is just as popular with the lunatics as she was with the girls.

Not long since we paid a flying visit to Mabel Stoddard in her charming Southern home. We did not see her husband, but from her description he must be "more than mortal." Mabel is the same old Mabel, and all her matronly dignity does not keep back those wilful little brown curls. She was just reading the latest thing out, "Literary Recollections," by Kate May, who has immortalized her class by her distinguished literary career. She has finished at Harvard Annex, and now travels in England.

Girls, imagine our surprise, when attending the theatre one evening last winter, to see Kemper Peacock appear as the leading lady in "She Stoops to Conquer." She was the greatest success of the season, but one is not surprised when she remembers the weak spot Kemper always had in her heart for anything pertaining to Goldsmith.

Pauline Du Bose you all doubtless remember, for Pauline left a record behind her. When we were at the Seminary if any jokes were to be played, or anything reckless done, Pauline was

always the leader. We simply screamed when Beatrice told us that the wild, reckless girl had quieted down and had married a widower with nine children. Of course you girls can't appreciate this, but in our Seminary days Pauline was the very worst girl in school.

Nettie McComb "has sent a fame of our Academe sounding along the years" by the melody of her voice. She has proved herself a second "Jennie Lind," and now reigns supreme as—"Prima donna of the American stage."

In spite of several reports to the contrary, we learn that Maggie Roller still blossoms in the spring-time of youth, and at the tender age of thirty captures the youthful hearts of her many admirers among the "Roller Boys."

Jessie York, in her insatiable desire for knowledge, while endeavoring to penetrate the secrets of the hieroglyphics, disappeared among the pyramids, and has never been heard of since.

A letter from Lotta Savage tells of her marriage to a solemn, pale-faced missionary to Africa, and, hand in hand with him, she now paces the darkest wilds of that heathen land. We sometimes tremble for our companion of former days when we think of the little rhyme—

"If I were a cassowary  
On the shores of Timbuctoo  
I would eat a missionary,  
Cap and gown and hymn-book, too."

What should Mary Houston do on a visit to Lotta but plight her troth to Lotta's cow-boy cousin, and, laying aside her timid fears, she braves with him the dangers of frontier life.

One never picks up a paper these days in whose columns Mary Trotter's name does not stand prominent; for she is very popular as a leader of "New York's select four hundred."

Occasionally we hear from Margaret Lane, our class artist. She is studying art in Florence, and is fast attaining celebrity, while the ridiculous little caricatures she used to indulge in, at the expense of her classmates, are guarded as dear treasures by us, the fortunate possessors of them.

Nothing seems inducement sufficient to bring her back to America, and from the repeated mention in her letters of a certain handsome, dark-eyed "Signor," we fear that she will soon

reign, under the fair Italian skies, over another realm than that of art.

Last of all comes Francis Newman, and, as always, Francis bears the palm where matters of romance are concerned. It seems that a distinguished Italian Count was spending the summer in Virginia, and seeing Francis very often he naturally fell desperately in love with her.

“For some good reason which history cloaks  
The match didn’t happen to please the old folks.”

“But,” to proceed with the rhyme—

“Whoever heard of a marriage deterred, or even deferred,  
By any contrivance so very absurd  
As scolding the boy and caging the bird?”

And so one still, starry night, in a truly romantic fashion, the Count approached with a ladder to his sweetheart’s window. Francis had all but reached the ground when the ladder broke and down came heroine and ladder on top of the astonished Count. However “all’s well that ends well,” and now a countess’ name brightens the list of the class of ’94.

MARY WHITE.

CHARLYE LOUISE WHEATLEY.

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## II.

As our class prophets are too modest to predict for themselves the brilliant (?) future which they have foretold for their classmates, or perhaps their own careers are problems too great for even their fertile imaginations, it devolves upon another to read for them the book of fate and to distribute fortune’s gifts.

First shall we take a trip to the sunny South, to a pretty, home-like house surrounded by grassy lawns and spreading trees. But the trees are nearly bare now, and some young men and maidens, on the tennis court, are enjoying the last game of the season. It is growing dusk; and through the window which opens upon a long gallery we see a lady sitting before an open grate in which some pine knots are burning for cheerfulness’ sake. A manuscript lies near, and it is from this that we gain a clue to her identity. Yes, we have come to the home of the great authoress, whose tender, beautiful stories of Southern life are welcome in every household. Her sketches of boarding-school life, too, are great favorites, and in them one catches a glimpse of her own.



Many of her schoolmates will remember the bright-faced, fair-haired girl who figured so conspicuously in the A. F. S. library, with her ever present horror of corpulency and oft-expressed desire for the proportions of the proverbial fence rail.

So now we see her again, her cherished hopes of pale and languid beauty as yet unrealized, her untiring games of tennis and liberal patronage of the anti-fat brotherhood of no avail to the little woman of perhaps one hundred and eighty pounds avoirdupois seated in the rocker by the fire.

Her reflections are now interrupted by the appearance of a boyish face at the window and a merry voice calling: "Do come out and play with us, Auntie, for you would be a fine player in spite of your weight." She shakes her finger at the mischievous boy, who immediately disappears and she is left to her bitter reflections upon the uncertainty of getting lean and the certainty of staying fat.

We now turn to the crowded thoroughfare of New York. All faces seem turned in one direction, and, carried onward by the hurrying concourse of people, we suddenly find ourselves in the very precincts of the "Bowery." A loud beating of drums and tambourines is heard, but surmounting this hubbub snatches of the old hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," rang out distinctly on the air. Craning our necks we perceive a "Salvation Army" just stopping on the corner. Here is a novelty for our eyes, so we press forward to obtain a nearer and better view of the proceedings. The Captain is a tall, thin woman whose face shows only too well the irreparable traces of years, with hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, whence the light has fled, drooping mouth whose colorless lips mutter an unceasing prayer. Now the procession of gamins and "raggedy men" crowd around in open-mouthed astonishment whilst she pictures the torments of the Lower World, enhancing its horrors by means of wild gesticulations and brandishing of elbows in a most *yelocutionary* way, "*tout comme il faut*." In the heat of excitement, while flourishing her arms above her head, she knocks off her blue and red bonnet. A mass of yellow hair floats out on the wind and we stand amazed to recognize in her one of the graduates "of the silver tongue" from the A. F. S. Shut the book, for as it has come to this we will read no more of fate's decrees.

MARY HOUSTON.



## The Seminary.

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BY PAULINÉ DUBOSE.

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“For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,  
For Auld Lang Syne,  
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,  
For Auld Lang Syne.”

LET this be our greeting to you, our old friends, the “old girls,” with whom we used to labor, weep and rejoice in the days gone by, when you, together with us, were vainly endeavoring to find the “high road to learning.”

The hand of Father Time has made many changes, yet many things remain the same. With the same echoing sound the train rushes by, turning our thoughts to “Home” and “Mother;” the same little street-car mules wearily pull their load of one passenger, or no passenger at all, up the steep hillside; the same pet, Beauty, zealously guards the office door and barks at the comers-in; and the same surly John, with his equally surly dog, turns on all the steam on a warm and sunny day and turns it off again when the bitter winds are blowing. But, ah! there is one great change that has befallen the dear old A. F. S. Come to the Library the first hour of Study Hall and soon you will hear strange footsteps, with important tread, coming towards the door; a strange face, with black mustache and wreathed in a triumphant smile, puts in its appearance, while a high-pitched voice makes the startling announcement: “Miss Streit, the gases is all on in Brick House”—and that is our night-watchman, he of classical and historical name, John Smith, Esq.; young, single; able to cook, bake, act as escort, ring the bell, correct the young ladies when “up after ten;” in fact, a master hand at all trades, except turning on the gas at six o'clock on Saturday mornings. But of this one and only fault he has been sincerely endeavoring to correct himself, and it is our earnest wish that he may have great success.

With her usual excellent judgment, Mrs. Boone provides us with long rolls, round rolls, square rolls and “pocket” rolls, and the well-known syrup. Cheese and crackers is the simple and

healthful fare still prescribed for Saturday and soirée nights, but the exceptions to that well-established rule occur more frequently than formerly.

The daily round of toil has been broken by two important events: mumps and vaccination. Not soon will we forget that dark night when there was solemnly taken over to the Infirmary our little Brazilian maiden, carefully wrapped in shawls, veil and gloves, and guarded by Miss Baldwin, Dr. Wayt, Mrs. Maslin, Mattie, and the oft-appearing bottle of carbolic acid. Dire days followed. Never before had the vinegar-cruet been so eagerly sought, as each girl attempted to find out if she were afflicted with the dread disease. Nineteen sad and lonely days did the victims of the mumps pass in that back room of the Infirmary, and many were the mournful glances cast out of that window on the streams of busy girls hurrying up and down the Covered Way.

Let us turn to the scene of even more terror. Wild had been the exclamations for the last few days when the news reached our ears of the small-pox beginning in Roanoke and slowly creeping onward, like some fierce monster, to the happy bounds of Staunton. Like a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky came the news, "Miss Baldwin is going to have the *whole school* vaccinated!" Like the victims of the French Revolution, ready for the guillotine, we were summoned one by one. Never before had the "Old Calisthenics Hall" presented such a scene of woe: girls ready to weep and ready to faint; girls lying down, sitting, standing, walking, talking, watching, and trembling. Patiently sat Miss Williamson at the end of the long table, roll-book beside her and pencil in hand, marking the name of each girl as she came forward to be examined and vaccinated, while Dr. Wayt, with firm but gentle mien, was calming the frightened maidens with his soothing words. Slowly but surely, in the days that followed, the sufferers recovered their former joy and activity and work began again in good earnest.

Now, at last, we come to that great and important event—the fire—when those of every rank and age of that other not-to-be-mentioned sex came pouring into the sacred precincts of the Augusta Female Seminary, and with eager haste ran to quench the flames at Hill Top. That windy Christmas night, however, pre-

vented their saving the barn, but, much to the joy of all, the school-buildings were unhurt.

“Hear the sledges with their bells—

Silver bells—

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!”

How the merry tinkling sent a thrill of joy through every heart that Monday morning! “After dinner the sleighs are coming!” was the cry that went from tongue to tongue, as we looked with longing eyes on the beautiful, glistening snow. The happy hour came, and the girls poured down the front steps, chattering, laughing, running and skipping, all eager for the first sleigh-ride of the season. In we crowded and off we drove, a blithesome band. Jingle, jingle, jingle; on and on we went. The very horses seemed to catch the infectious mirth, and crushed the snow beneath their feet with a crunch, crunch, crunch. Lads and lasses crowded to the doors and windows to see us pass along, while the snowy little urchins and their bigger brothers, too, hurled hard and heavy missiles against the many-colored hoods closely drawn around young faces, now so free from Monday’s care. Short and swift the hour passed, and the last backward glances at the snow-clad mountains were longingly cast before the sleighs once more turned into the streets before these halls of learning.

While we are telling of these many happenings of this year we must not forget those happy weeks when, through the preaching of Dr. Guerrant, such “showers of blessing” were poured out upon us, setting in motion that shout of joy on earth and “in the presence of the angels”—the shout which will one day swell that glad chorus of “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.”

And now, soon will be the time of parting, when we, who have been so close to one another this year, will be borne to that dearest place on earth, “Home, sweet home”—that time when the wish of each sad yet happy heart will be that we all may “meet again.”

### A Trip to the Cave.

---

ONE balmy morn in April,  
When the sun was shining bright,  
We left our envious comrades,  
Who pronounced us "out of sight."

Weyer's Cave was our destination ;  
Along the road we sped,  
The "Stars and Stripes" around us, ' .  
Four horses at our head.

The people then we greeted  
With the Seminary yell ;  
Some smiled at us serenely,  
While others fled pell-mell.

Directly, when we reached there,  
Into the Cave we went.  
We wandered about in the darkness  
Till our strength was nearly spent.

We "Ohed !" at the stalactites,  
We gazed at the wonders grand ;  
We "Ahed !" at the stalagmites,  
The finest in the land.

We visited the "Garden of Eden,"  
We danced in the "Ball Room" fine,  
We sang in the "Cathedral ;"—  
At last it was time to dine.

And then the hungry maidens  
Were seated in a row ;  
Voracious were their appetites—  
You should have seen things go.

The lemonade in the horse-pail  
Was stirred with a small sized tree,  
But it served to quench our thirst  
And added to our glee.

It was hard to leave the cavern,  
It was hard to leave the hill,  
But it was a case of necessity,  
So we took the bitter pill.

The trip was made more pleasant  
By our chaperone, so kind,  
Who recited for the company  
The best pieces she could find.

And then our jolly comrades,  
Riding in the rear,  
Did try so hard to make a noise,  
Which we leaders failed to hear.

A pack of cards they called themselves,  
With king and joker bright;  
But we were blessed with many bards,  
And were "all-right-all-right."

The Rollers then to greet us  
Waved sheets and counterpane;  
Our shouts rang forth to answer,  
And then rang forth again.

The moon shone brightly on us:  
Ah, me! it was getting late!  
We galloped steadily homeward  
From four until half-past eight.

With hair from which all curl was gone,  
With voices hoarse from screaming;  
With clothes all torn and gray with dust,  
But countenances beaming,

At last we reached our prison gate.  
The girls ran out to meet us;  
They were tearing their hair in agony—  
They were hungry enough to eat us.

Still lingering in our memories,  
With the thoughts of our pleasant day,  
Haunting our waking and sleeping hours,  
Is the poetic lay:—

Ha! ha! ha!  
Here we are!  
Baldwin's! Baldwin's!  
Sis!—boom!—bah!



# THE AUGUSTA SEMINARY ANNUAL.

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VOL. IV.                      STAUNTON, VA., MAY, 1894.

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No. 1.

LITERARY DIRECTOR:  
FANDIRA CROCKER.

EDITORS:

MARGARET LANE,  
MAGGIE BELLE ROLLER,  
KATE MAY,

MARY WHITE,  
BERTIE MACATEE,  
NETTIE McCOMB.

BUSINESS MANAGERS:

KATE MAY,

MARGARET LANE.

---

ONLY too quickly the year has gone, and the time for the appearance of THE ANNUAL has come. Once more must news of school events be gathered for eager subscribers; old girls be asked for information concerning their former associates, new girls to give their talents and energies to the cause, all to add to the items of interest. Again must essays be copied and "proof" be read. All this has been a pleasure to the contributors, for, although few have been members of the literature classes longer than one year, the example of our predecessors was such that we were enthusiastic to follow in their footsteps and to add our mite to the maintenance of the magazine that has been such a source of pride to the students of the Seminary. We trust that our attempt may be successful enough to enable the classes of next year to make an additional effort in striving for "literary fame" and in wishing to have their compositions "worthy of publication in THE ANNUAL."

While it has been the aim of the editors to have the work original in thought, and to give to our friends some idea of the work done in composition, we have also tried to present some phases of our own school life, that our readers may see something of our daily duties and pleasures; rejoice over our joys and grieve over our griefs. We hoped to publish a paper in which all pupils of

the Seminary might find something of interest, and we trust that former as well as present students who are lovers of "sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child," will not pass unnoticed the sketches of Lady Macbeth, nor fail to find that pleasure in "Beauty" which some of us have found. Those who have taken the walk to the top of Betsy Bell, as well as those who each day gaze upon her rugged sides, we hope will appreciate the beauties of the peak, as described by one of our number. May the school-girl who wishes "to be at home with mother" find many sympathizers, and may Polly steal her way into the hearts of all. Perhaps many may see as vividly as we do "The Seminary" and the "Class in Senior Literature;" we sincerely wish that all may find enjoyment in the bits of news concerning the friends of former days and those of to-day.

While we would wish none to be blind to our faults, we pray that all may be very kind to the virtues that they find in our efforts. If we have in any way contributed to the pleasure of any student of the dear old Seminary we shall feel more than repaid for our labor.

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Miss Shortt attended the second international convention of the Students' Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions as a delegate representing the Augusta Seminary. Her account of the meeting will be of particular interest to all of our readers, who cannot fail to feel the enthusiasm of the writer.

## Marriages.

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- N**ETTY McCLURE—Mrs. J. G. Capps, Jacksonville, Ill.  
Nettie Peeples—Mrs. A. S. Dukry, Chattanooga, Tenn.  
Mattie Farnsworth—Mrs. H. B. McCarty, Buckhannon, W. Va.  
Jennie Hamilton—Mrs. N. L. Weber, New York, N. Y.  
Bessie Smith—Mrs. J. B. Woods, Tsing-Kiang-pu, China.  
Julia North—Mrs. W. G. Herring, Wilmington, N. C.  
Nellie Estes—Mrs. J. M. Carter, Texarkana, Texas.  
Lillian Stratton—Mrs. F. B. Fowlkes, Memphis, Tenn.  
Minnie Scovell—Mrs. J. H. Martin, Shreveport, La.  
Sarah Watston—Mrs. T. W. Blackstone, Accomack, Va.  
Alice Hill—Mrs. H. J. Hatch, Arkansas City, Kansas.  
Effie Brown—Mrs. C. W. Hawthorne, Montgomery, Ala.  
Mary Bingham—Mrs. P. L. Gray, Mebane, N. C.  
Cantey Venable—Mrs. C. Dallam, University of Virginia.  
Mary Gay—Mrs. H. E. Doolittle, Plaquemine, La.  
May Vieche—Mrs. W. J. Armistead, Vincennes, Indiana.  
Alice Hawes—Mrs. R. M. Shirey, Bluefield, W. Va.  
Marion Davis—Mrs. J. W. Peacock, Masville, Ga.  
Ethel Gibbs—Mrs. G. E. Wade, Raphine, Va.  
Willie Cosby—Mrs. S. C. Byrd, Newberry, S. C.  
Rachel Sims—Mrs. C. H. Mills, Bryan, Texas.  
Lily Burleson—Mrs. W. MacDonnell, Austin, Texas.  
Blanche Newman—Mrs. E. W. Freeman, Pine Bluff, Arkansas.  
Lucy Lee Scarborough—Mrs. J. M. Chessutt, Kosciusko, Miss.  
May Gorde—Mrs. H. P. Williams, Atlanta, Ga.  
Anna Crew—Mrs. W. H. Barly, Philadelphia, Penn.  
Lulie Pollard—Mrs. H. M. Wharton, Baltimore, Md.  
Love Hilliard—Mrs. R. P. Foster, Asheville, N. C.  
Lizzie Robertson—Mrs. A. G. Crockett, Max Meadows, Va.  
Mattie Dabney—Mrs. W. B. Dinwiddie, Greenwood, Va.

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## In Memoriam

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Our little school-mate, MARY ELLA JOHNSON, born at Vincennes, Indiana, May 17, 1880; died at Richmond, Virginia, March 23, 1894.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast;"

there, we can gladly say, rests our loved one, our "Little Ella." The Master chose her, our fairest blossom, for Himself. She was His, "bought with a price," and He did not see fit for her to dwell longer with us on this sin-stained earth of ours, but took her Home, to her "Father's house."

Some Sabbaths before, she had come out from the world, and given herself to the Savior. He did not suffer her to wait here until the day when His servants met around the table in remembering Him, but took her where she might always commune with Him "face to face," and "be like Him, for she sees Him as He is."

Suddenly and heavily did the blow fall on us. One Friday she was with us and the next she was gone from among us, and the short, sweet life of scarce fourteen years was ended. All loved her and now all mourn her loss.

"No passing cloud  
Her loveliness may shroud;  
The beauty of her youth may never fade;  
No line of care  
Her seal'd brow may wear,  
The joy-gleam of her eye no dimness e'er may shade.

"No sin-born thought  
May in that home be wrought,  
To trouble the clear fountain of her heart;  
No tear, no sigh,  
No sin, no death, be nigh  
Where she hath entered in, no more to 'know in part.'

"Her faith is sight,  
Her hope is full delight,  
The shadowy veil of time is rent in twain:  
Her untold bliss—  
What thought can follow this!  
To her to live was Christ, to die, indeed, is gain."

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## Meeting of the Alumnae.

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**I**T will be interesting to those connected with the Seminary to hear that the first reunion of all the graduates of the school is to be held this session.

Thirty years have passed since Miss Baldwin undertook the responsible duties of Principal, and in that time eighty girls have been made the happy possessors of a full diploma. They are now scattered throughout the United States, making themselves felt as factors in the world and always proud to be called "Miss Baldwin's Girls." Some are now queens over homes of their own, some are devoting their lives to teaching, while fourteen of the eighty have found early graves.

A kindred spirit seems to animate all pupils of the Seminary, and it was this which prompted the meeting of the Alumnae. A conference for organization was held on the morning of August 30, 1893, in the school library, at which Mrs. E. Andrew Hill, Mrs. Mary Grattan Stephenson, Mrs. Nellie Hotchkiss McCullough, Miss Minnie Bickle, Miss Gussie Bumgardner and Miss Mattie Wayt were present. Miss Nannie Tate, who is now one of Miss Baldwin's teachers, was elected president, being the first full graduate of the school. Mrs. E. Andrew Hill was appointed secretary and Mrs. McCullough was chosen for historian.

Since August several meetings have been held to arrange a programme for the day of meeting. Rumors are afloat of a reception in the large double parlors, a banquet and other festivities, but all is surrounded with mystery that the surprise may be the more enjoyable.

Of the graduates heard from, about thirty will attend the meeting, and all are anxious to show Miss Baldwin their love for her and their appreciation of the intellectual and moral advantages they received under her care. "Now, in their mature years, they wish to gather around her, to renew and strengthen old friendships, revisit old haunts and see if they cannot, even in a modest way, do some work as an association; willing 'to spend and be spent' in any direction to give Miss Baldwin and the A. F. Seminary a grateful tribute of words and deeds coming from loving hearts and hands."



## News from the Old Girls.

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"Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love and those who love us,"

**B**UT, though gone, they are not forgotten and we find each name a golden link in the chain of association that binds those who go and those who come. Perhaps these little items of news from our old friends and companions may interest some of our readers and carry them back to the time when they, too, dwelt within the walls of this "academe" and shared its cares and interests :

Minnie and Masie Chafee are living in their lovely new home in one of the pleasantest parts of Augusta. Minnie is so popular with the gentlemen that she seems to hate to break a dozen hearts to save one. The dreamy look in Masie's eyes is due to the fact that "her eyes are with her heart, and that is far away—" across the seas.

Ollie Ellis is one of the most popular buds in New Orleans society this winter, and her Virginia friends hope to have a visit from her this spring.

Violet Henry, always loving and loved, expects to visit Iowa this summer.

Mary Irwin, after a delightful visit to the Fair with her brother, spent several weeks with Violet Henry in Louisville.

Ethelyn and Margaret West and Jacqueline Levy are said to be very popular in New Orleans society.

Ruth See is teaching her little brothers and sisters at home, and still keeps that dreamy, far-away look in her eyes.

Em. Prince has been visiting in Rome, Ga., this winter.

Mary Berta Hogshead we sometimes have the pleasure of seeing when she comes into town.

We hear, though it is hard to believe, that mischievous Julia Aunspaugh is teaching.

Gertrude Scoville spent a delightful summer in Chicago and is now living in Lynchburg.

Clandia Hill, according to last accounts, was enjoying herself in Washington society.

Woodie Johnson and Helen Knox have made their début in Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

Maude Tomason was here for several days at Easter and talks enthusiastically of Washington.

Bessie White is said to be getting "all the fun she wants" in the whirl of society.

Fannie Potts has been visiting Ethel Gibson in Savannah, and Lena Ricketts is enjoying herself at home.

Ethel Gibson is to be married in June and expects several of her school friends to wait on her.

Carrie Wiley visited Meland Bagby, in Richmond, and gives glowing accounts of Meland and of her pleasant visit.

Alma Black has made her début in Memphis, Tenn.

Edna Baer stopped here on her way to Lynchburg to visit Duncan Williams.

Jacqueline and Margaret Epes and Page Osborne passed through Staunton on their way to the Fair, where they met many old school-friends. We are glad to hear that Jacqueline will probably be here at Commencement.

We caught a pleasant though fleeting glimpse of the bright and well-remembered faces of Vevie Forsythe and Minnie Bohon as they stopped here for several days on their way to visit Page Osborne, to see Louise Forsythe, Vevie's sister, who represents her here this year.

Fannie New, we hear, has assumed the cares and burdens of a matrimonial life. Does she still recite "The goblins will get you," we wonder?

Sadie Anderson is teaching in Florida, and Elizabeth Newman is teaching music near Chatham, Va.

Violet Alexander has been visiting in Alabama this winter, and no doubt has few regrets for school-life.

Louise and Marguerite Powers are very happy in their home at Towson, and talk knowingly of the delights of housekeeping.

Ethel Gibbs is married, and is said to bear herself with quite a matronly air.

Amelia Pearson stopped at the Seminary on her way from West Virginia, where she had been visiting Janie and Boydie Faulkner, who, she says, are as full of fun as ever.

Mattie Dabney was married in March, and, from all reports, sees life spread out before her in roseate hues.

We were surprised to see our old friend, Jesse Leek, in Staunton last fall, who had come to bring her niece to school.

Mary and Sue Stribling and Roselle Mercier, report says, will sail for Europe with Miss Wright on the 3d of June.

Edith Wallace is enjoying herself in Charleston, under the chaperonage of her sister, Mrs. Marshall.

Elizabeth McMillan is said to be reading law, and to still amuse herself by reading Latin authors.

Pattie Myers and Agnes Penick still live in Lexington, and, with Mary Irwin, often form a trio to talk over old times.

Gussie Bumgardner is at home this winter, and sighs with relief because she no longer feels obliged to get here in time for chapel.

Flora Wheatley is at home this winter, though we were glad to see her sweet face among us once more last fall.

Pattie Gettys visited Sara Atlee in Chattanooga, and, of course, had a "lovely time."

Janie Brawner's brown eyes are said to be making havoc at home this winter. We are glad to hear that Bessie Brawner will probably return next year.

Fannie Colbert is said to be very popular at home and to still preserve the sweetness of her voice.

Emma Baldwin was seen at the Fair this summer and told interesting tales of life in the "Wild West."

Mrs. Sampson, from Pantops, spent several days with Miss Baldwin this winter. She gave us a talk one night, and told us of the changes which had taken place since she was a school-girl at the Seminary, and showed us the way to become "queens" in society and in our own homes.

Louise Snyder, who is now belle of Harrisburg, expects to visit her old school-mates at Commencement.

Carrie Bell, who was the pride of the Literature class last year, is now teaching near Staunton.

Miss Sadie Meetze, who visited us last fall, on her way to the World's Fair, has been spending the winter in Washington, devoting her time to the Art League.

## Society at the A. F. S.

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WHILE the young ladies of the Seminary have been very studious, their life has not been altogether that of hard work; besides school duties some social pleasures have been enjoyed, and space in *THE ANNUAL* will be given to the description of these.

As a minor event in our social life we will mention the art gallery at the Manse, which the young ladies graced with their presence, and where, to their great surprise, they were bored by the appearance of four frightened youths. The bazaar was attended by a large delegation from the school, and much amusement was furnished by the presence of one brave boy, who served lemonade without a tremor and retired to the Gipsy tent to tell fortunes, not anticipating that a teacher would occupy the seat nearest the entrance and cause him to leave the hall in confusion. We have not time to dwell upon the concerts and readings patronized by the girls, nor to speak at length of the admiration they have excited whenever they appeared in public. Never before have the verandas opposite the terraces been so popular as places of resort; windows and street corners have been thronged with admiring young men as the school passed by; scarcely a young man in Staunton has not strained the muscles of his head and neck and been in danger of acquiring strabismus in his frantic efforts to see "Miss Baldwin's girls." While this has been entertaining and flattering, yet more genuine delight was felt in the fashionable receptions and teas given by the social four hundred of the A. F. S.

"Spreads" have been the order of the day throughout the session. We girls have heard that the members of the Faculty have given these feasts among themselves to refresh body and mind and to add bright bits of enjoyment to the memories of the year. We have heard these feasts were perfect successes, and varied in device from the "poverty party" given by Misses Shortt and Shattuck to the more elaborate one given by Mrs. Nellis and Miss Strickler in the dainty room of Mrs. Nellis.

Thanksgiving time brought its usual whirl of gaiety, and many were the receptions given by those who had an opportunity to entertain their friends. One girl stated that she attended thirteen "feasts of reason and flows of soul;" many others could speak of nine or ten to which they were invited. So numerous were the invitations and so bountiful the refreshments provided that one girl actually told her teacher that she was tired of seeing good things to eat!

Miss Loula Matthews was one of the charming hostesses of this season. Her handsome apartments were most exquisitely set off by autumn leaves, that added their bright tints to the gay scene. The table, placed in the middle of the banquet hall, was so arranged as to tempt the appetite of the most fastidious. Miss Loula was assisted in receiving by Miss Charlye Wheatley, and both looked bewitching in their dainty caps, aprons and cuffs of snowy white. The hours flew by on wings and the guests were reluctant to leave, so delightfully had they been entertained.

#### MISSSES ALEXANDER AND FORSYTHE, THANKSGIVING.

NO. 69 BRICK HOUSE—5 TO 5:30.

As the church goers returned from their devotions of the day, and looked up from the street to the window of No. 69, the sight that met their eyes made them wonder if that room had suddenly been changed into a pantry or a small grocery. From the catch on the blind hung a large turkey; the outline of a ham was seen wrapped in a white towel, and bottles of pickles, cakes, boxes and bags filled the window sill. A few hours later numbers of little square envelopes containing the above invitation were floating through the Seminary. Expectation ran high for a genuine feast, and no one was disappointed. The room was darkened, the sunlight replaced by the soft glow of candles and lamps dimmed with pink shades; stands of flowers decorated the tables. The beauty of the two fair hostesses was enhanced by becoming gowns. A delicate menu was served, and over thirty young ladies enjoyed the hour, and still speak in flattering terms of the charms and the hospitality of the Misses Alexander and Forsythe.

Another of the delightful and stylish receptions of Thanksgiving Day was that of the Misses Ogle and McQueen. The room and tables were beautifully arranged, and the hostesses were be-



witching in their big, white aprons. Following a dainty and elegant lunch, after dinner coffee was served in *real* china cups, all the dishes being hand-painted. The guests spent a delightful evening, and everything went off well, even if one of the hostesses did accept some coffee contrary to agreement, forgetting that the cups would not go around. The guests were entertained with music, furnished by Miss Lucile Chandler and Miss Lillie Verner, who sang that dear, familiar ballad, "May We Come In? Give Us Something to Eat."

Christmas time came around, and those who were not fortunate enough to spend the holidays with friends away, were not forgotten by those at home, and many were the boxes received in the Seminary, and gay was the vacation with entertainments and feasts. One of the most original and delightful of these was the "Molly, Polly and Dolly Party," given by the Misses Lane, assisted by Miss Mary White. The hostesses were most daintily arrayed in caps and aprons of quaint style. The rooms were tastefully decorated with holly and evergreen. The menu, which was most temptingly prepared, consisting of meats, salads, cakes and candies, was brought to a fitting close by the passing around of dainty cups of Brazilian coffee. When the hour for leaving came, each guest was presented with a tiny spoon, tied with "Seminary Colors," as a souvenir of one of the pleasantest evenings spent in the A. F. S.

Miss Haverkamp and Miss Gilmer entertained several friends in a very pleasant manner on the receipt of a "box from home." A handsome dark gray rug was spread upon the floor by the careful foresight of Margaret White. The table, most tastefully arranged with flowers and fruits, groaned under its weight of dainties. The precious bric-a-brac that ornaments their apartment was beautiful under the soft light of the candles placed in every available space. The guests enjoyed everything to the utmost, and the hours passed too rapidly.

The Misses Young, Foster, Douglas and Beaty were at home to their friends in Long Room. Oranges, fresh from the sunny Florida home of Grace, were enjoyed by the guests, and the evening was pronounced one of the most delightful of the holiday season.

Lee's birthday will not soon be forgotten, as it was then Miss Berta Macatee received her box. Each teacher and pupil in Main Building was gladdened by a sight of a dainty tray, upon which was most temptingly displayed the delicacies from "Home," and everything was heartily enjoyed. Maggie Bell, Mary and Berta have many times most charmingly entertained their hosts of friends.

The german given in February was an event. The ball room was plainly but tastefully furnished, and at eight o'clock the light and airy footsteps of youthful feet could be heard entering the time-honored hall. The music was furnished by Miss L. G. Robertson, and most beautifully rendered. The elegant and varied costumes of the maidens could only be surpassed by the beauty of the ladies themselves. The young men, too, had put aside their conventional blacks, and wore the costume of "ye olden time," made picturesque by their snowy ruffles and scarlet sashes. Many thanks are due Miss Nelson, who displayed so much talent and energy in managing the entertainment. Among those present were: Miss C. L. Wheatley, in white silk; Miss Mattie Wheatley, in black satin; Miss L. Forsythe, in pink cr  pon; Miss Roney, red silk; Miss Julia Alexander, white organdie; Miss L. Matthews, pink silk; Miss Lucy Sheffield, pink cr  pe; Miss Nelson, in lilac; Miss Saunders, in red cr  pe; Miss Fay Taylor, in pink silk. Messrs. Marie Rouse, Fay Kearby, Vienna Fitzpatrick, Margaret Haverkamp, Berta Crisp, Mabel Stoddard, Beatrice Chandler and Belle Lanier.

"If you want to be hale and hearty,  
Just come to our chestnut party."

MISSSES McLACHLIN, ALDREDGE, HUDSON,  
NO. 1, INFIRMARY HALL.

Such was the invitation received by many of the girls late in the autumn. It is needless to say the cards met with a hearty response and the victims of "The Mumps," who were bewailing their fate, were tantalized by the many shouts of laughter and song wafted to them through the open window. As the hours advanced the fun grew "fast and furious" and the listeners thought mischief must be in the air. They were not surprised to learn the following morning that the revellers had seen spectres walking and tables turning.

Miss Shattuck, the popular teacher of Elocution, during the winter gave several small pop-corn parties, invitations to which were eagerly desired by the girls. At the most delightful of these she was assisted by Miss Nelson. The spacious apartments were brilliantly illuminated and promptly at eight the guests assembled. The refreshments were most temptingly arranged on small tables and everything was planned for the pleasure of the guests. After some time spent in conversation the hostess read a new Van Bibber story, so thoroughly charming her listeners that the chimes at half-past nine startled all. The occasion was one not soon to be forgotten.

Miss Strickler has several times favored the girls on her hall by inviting them to "coffee and oysters." The girls are only too willing to accept her invitations, as they are certain of being delightfully entertained.

During the spring holidays Misses Lotta Savagè, Lulu McCampbell, Maggie Coleman and Elizabeth Johns, gave a "Hard Times Party" which was a great success. Such a party being a novelty in the school the girls looked forward with great anticipations to Friday evening. Some of those invited were requested to assume the characters of gentlemen, so each girl was provided with an escort. The guests were dressed in accordance with the times; but could Miss Baldwin's girls look anything but stylish? The belle of the evening wore a red calico gown and in her hair was pinned a yellow bow—white slippers completed the costume. Her escort wore brown trousers, yellow vest and green coat. They created a sensation! The refreshments were sandwiches, pickles, fruit and confectionery. Full justice was done the elaborate menu and the guests departed well pleased with their entertainment.

The reception given by Miss Carrie Wiley upon receiving a "Birthday Box" was one, the memory of which will last as long as Hill-Top. Over forty invitations were sent out and no regrets were received. The guests were greeted by the Misses Wiley, Wagner and Fitzpatrick, who were in full evening costume and as cordial and gracious in manner as beautiful in appearance.

The table, placed in the center of the room, was handsomely decorated; the center piece, composed of fruit, was most elaborate. Japanese lanterns hung from the ceiling and cast a bewitch-

ing light upon the fair faces of the maidens. So beautiful were the lights, so delicious the dainties, so charming the hostess, that the guests felt as if they were in Fairy Land and wished such delight might more often come into their lives.

At the elections held not long ago the following returns were made: For the prettiest girl, Miss Fay Taylor; for the brightest girl, Miss Eleanor Preston; for the most accomplished girl, Miss Loula Matthews; for the most popular girl, Miss Charlye Wheatley.

The young lady who at the present date does not use the broad ä is not considered in style, though it requires constant practice not to make slips, and the common expression is, "If I häd half a chänce, I'd dänce the läncers änd all the fäncy däncees.

The monotony of our school life has been pleasantly broken in upon several times during the winter by the soirées. The first one, just before Christmas, was given by Mrs. Nellis and Miss Shattuck, and was greatly enjoyed. Prof. Meyer's soirée was also a great success, and his class in stringed instruments distinguished themselves and looked very pretty and graceful with their ribbon-adorned violins, guitars and mandolins. Prof. Hamer's and Prof. Eisenberg's soirées were great successes, and are said by music-lovers to have been unusually enjoyable.

The white-and-gold programmes issued for the graduating recital of Misses Matthews and Wheatley gave us an inkling of the pleasures which we might expect on the night of April 27th, and it is needless to say we were not disappointed. Miss Matthews both played and sang with her well-known skill and felicity of expression, while the recitations and pantomime of Miss Wheatley were not less distinguished by their grace and dramatic ability.

## A Thrilling Incident.

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THE inmates of the "A. F. S.," as a rule, are very hospitable to visitors and during all my residence here I have heard of but one instance of coldness on the part of the hostess.

The inmates of the east part of "Main Building" remember one of their visitors; a sweet little creature, very modest and affable, but with the fire of mischief burning in her black eyes, so that when her footsteps were heard in the hall everybody shuddered and felt that danger was near. Our Muricida, a very courageous maiden, vowed to devote time, talents and fortune to the destruction of this "Little Mischief" and her family.

A sumptuous feast was given in honor of the other residents on the hall of Muricida, but our "particular admiration" was not invited. However, being a spirited little creature, she was not thus to be daunted, so after the guests had departed she slipped in the room for her share of the refreshments. At this instant Muricida appeared. Oh! joy! The hour of revenge had arrived. Seizing the victim by the throat, she rushed across the room, opened the window, and, summoning all the moral courage in her power, dropped the object of our disquietude and fell lifeless to the floor.

An enterprising young student, walking on the terrace below, was startled from her meditations by a shrill cry just over her head. Raising her eyes she beheld, to her great consternation, a MOUSE "in mid-air" just ready to drop in her face. The young lady is to-day trying to discover what condition of the atmosphere is necessary to produce a "shower of rats."

N. B.—Since the above, twenty-six of "Little Mischief's" family have been ushered into eternity by the same hand.



## The History of an Evening.

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SO great has been the pressure of social duties this year that three receptions must often be held in one evening between the hours of six and nine. The first Saturday in February was an example of this.

At six o'clock all were invited to partake of Mrs. Boone's hospitable board. Being Saturday, the tables flowed with milk and honey; dainty sandwiches of cheese and crackers and cups of fragrant Mocha were served by waiters in snowy caps and aprons. Many could hardly do justice to this elaborate tea, as they wished to prepare for a birthday reception given by Miss Hancock, of Chapel Hall.

At eight o'clock the guests assembled in the room, which was tastefully adorned with photographs, illustrated calendars and scenes from nature, showing the development in the art of advertising, while a mellow light from the gas-jet above was thrown over the entire company. The hostess, a charming young lady from Richmond, had indeed brought with her the courtly manners of the F. F. V.'s. She was attired in a gown of gauze over pink satin, and was assisted by the Misses Penn, who were angels of loveliness in steel-and-gold silk. Refreshments were served from two large tables, where everything tempting might be had—meats, salads, pickles, pastry, cakes, bon-bons, ices, coffee and chocolate. After a delightful half hour those guests who reside in rooms eleven and fifteen withdrew, that they might be present at a reception given by Miss Crocker to the girls on her hall.

This reception was to be a novel event, each guest being requested to bring with her a plate, knife, fork, cup and spoon. On entering our room we, the inmates of No. 11, could find no suitable china, so took whatever came to hand. We were late, as nearly all of the guests had arrived and were beginning to take their places at the small tables arranged in the drawing-room. Our hostess welcomed us at the door and smilingly conducted us to a lovely table at the end of the room, at which Miss Ogle and Miss McQueen were already seated. We were entirely unprepared for such brilliant surroundings, and involuntarily drew our

cloaks more closely over the dishes beneath. When we were seated a better opportunity was offered for noting everything, and each moment increased our embarrassment.

The china which Miss McQueen had brought was most exquisite, as she is a connoisseur and has beautiful work of her own in the studio. The finely-polished mahogany table was set off to advantage by a pyramid of flowers in the center and by various designs in cut glass. The plates were artistically decorated, the cups were like tiny shells, and beside each lay the most delicate knife, fork and spoon. Every eye was turned in our direction to see what we would add to this display. Blushing crimson, we drew forth our dishes, and a smile broadened every face as these were deposited on the table. Miss Houston had a large porcelain mug, with a broken handle, to place beside the tiny cups and saucers; her knife was one that had aided in opening many an Xmas box, and plainly showed its age by its broken handle; only a small portion of the silver remained to show what the spoon had been, and the plate had served in better days as a soup-bowl. My dishes were equal to those of my companion, but the plate was so large it nearly covered the table, and so heavy it was inconvenient to handle. This plate, adorned with a somber painting in brown and red, appeared ludicrous in contrast to the artistic designs of those around.

We would say in explanation that in No. 11 we sought only the useful, and frequently indulged in cooking over the gas with these plates, which now humiliated us to the uttermost. Our host, however, was most considerate of our feelings, and tried to relieve all embarrassment by covering our plates with the most tempting delicacies. The guests, too, good-naturedly turned their heads, and in the enjoyment of the hour all confusion vanished. On leaving we could truly say we had never spent time more delightfully, and that, as a novelty, the reception had exceeded the highest expectation.

### At Midnight.

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THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
For in one spacious room was gathered then  
A crowd of merry feasters, clothed in white,  
While dimly candles shone, the place to brighten.  
A score of hearts beat happily; and when  
The distant town-clock pealed its iron bell,  
Bright eyes looked gayly into eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it?—No; twas but the wind,  
Or a mouse scampering through an adjoining wall;  
On with the feast! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, till when that fiery ball  
Shall usher in the day at Phœbus' call.—  
But hark! that stealthy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the walls its echo would recall;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
It is—it is—the teacher on the floor!

Ah! then there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And tables bare, which, but a moment ago,  
Groaned under the weight of their own heaviness;  
And there were certain giggles, which express  
The torture and discomfort which was felt  
By damsels fair, enclosed within the press,  
Who into briny tears begin to melt,  
Thinking of the punishment which will be dealt.

And wild and high the maidens' wailing rose,  
For the teacher grim flings open wide the door,  
And they behold the sternest of their foes!  
Now in the noon of night, upon the floor  
They tremblingly come forth, while swiftly flows  
The woful and the penitential tear,  
And then they promise that they never more,  
Through all the weary months of this long year,  
With midnight feasts will cause to ache the teacher's ear.

And the maple waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
O'er the captured brave,—alas!  
Hastening and tumbling out in hurrying mass,  
Some in sadness, also some in glee,  
Thinking gayly, through the verdant grass  
The following night, a safer path to see;  
And burning with high hope that they'll not captured be.

## Gatherings Here and There.

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SOME weeks ago, in a political discussion on the late war, a certain Northern young lady, recounting the many brave generals on her side, announced as a final and crushing example the name of George Washington!

R. came into her room one day, looking very perplexed, and innocently said to her room-mate: "Mary, please tell me what county Virginia is in?"

Fontaine (reading Latin): The army passed through the ruins of the wall—

Miss Strickler: Say breaches, Fontaine.

Fontaine: The army passed through the breaches of the wall.

Miss Strickler: How do you spell breaches, Fontaine?

Fontaine: B-r-e-e-c-h-e-s.

As an example of a school-girl's patriotism (?), we cite the case of one, Miss G., who did not know the name of the present Vice-President.

Miss Riddle: M., where was Julius Cæsar educated?

M. (promptly): In Oxford, ma'am.

While talking about a letter her sister had written home, G. C. remarked that *she* did not write home very often, but she had added a "post-pone" to that of her sister's.

At the dinner-table. — K.: What is that you're reading, honey?

Girl: The Battle of Bunker Hill.

K. (confidently): The Confederates were victorious in that battle, weren't they?

A novel way of entertaining was discovered not long ago when our teacher from Paris had several of her co-workers in the field of learning in to take tea with her and be "sociable." After keeping up the merry buzz of conversation some time, delicacies were brought forth, which proved to consist of tea, crackers and Easter eggs—the latter a present of the day before.

A Literature Criticism. — Miss Crocker: L., what do you think of Milton's poetry?

L.: I think it is awfully pretty, Miss Crocker?

When our last snowfall occurred, the following conversation was held between two of the girls:

"Oh, Maggie! do come and see the snow!" said one. "Pshaw!" replied Maggie, "that's not snow. Snow always comes down in balls."

A burst of laughter greeted her while she sought to extricate herself by saying: "Anyhow, you always read about snow-balls in books."

Teacher: Dear, why don't you grow some?

Little Maud: I'm saving my dress-material, ma'am.

In Geography, Miss M. F. gave Miss Short the astonishing piece of information that Chicago was one of the States that bordered on the Great Lakes.

Miss Strickler (holding up a book before the class): Now, girls, it would be very nice to put a piece of paper here and write on it "Essay Book."

Girl: What does S. A. stand for, Miss Strickler!

When Natali and her company were here, several of the girls went to hear her sing. The next day one asked another how she had enjoyed it. "Oh, very much," she replied, "only the 'belladonna' wasn't so good as I expected."

First Girl (looking at a picture): What does this represent?

Second Girl: The landing of the Pilgrims.

First Girl: Which one is Columbus?

Before the playing of Richard III. by the enterprising part of the colored population here in Staunton, the girls were talking and laughing about it on the back gallery. I. T., who was one of the number, remarked: "Do you suppose they will give it in negro dialect?"

Miss Riddle: Flora, the ghost of Julius Cæsar said he would see Brutus when?

Flora: Judgment Day, I reckon.



In Sunday-School class.—Kemper (punching her next neighbor): Say, didn't David write the Songs of Solomon?

Miss Crocker (looking over paper of Margaret C.): Margaret, what is this word?

M.: Skincule, Miss Crocker.

Miss C.: Why Margaret; where did you get that word?

M.: Oh, Pauline D. told me that.

One of the girl's fathers, on receiving a programme of Prof. Hamer's soiree, remarked: "When I saw that you had 'Pancakes' and 'Peacocks' in school, I was not surprised that 'Fitz' should follow."

Scene in Library.—B. C. (looking at a picture): Who is that?

Girl: Columbus.

B. C.: What a funny dress *she* has on.

Teacher: Who wrote "The Ænead"?

F. K.: Virgil.

Teacher: What else did he write?

F. K.: The Georgies and "The Catalogues."

A scene in the Library.—Girl: Mary, who is the hairy man in the Bible?

Mary (after some hesitation): Æsop.

In the German class.—L. G.: Mademoiselle, it seems to me the Germans must be regular heathens as there are no Bibles but English ones.

"I am getting quotations, girls. Please give me one from Virgil; but who wrote Virgil?"

Teacher: Why do people get eider-down ducks, Mabel?

Mabel: For their wool, I suppose.

Miss R.: Who signed the Declaration of Independence?

Brilliant Pupil: Jefferson Davis.

Miss S.: How do you know the earth is round?

Pupil: Because it has been measured with a barometer.

In the History class.—Jessie (reciting): The United States purchased Louisiana from Napoleon of Spain.

We have two Fays in school, but one is always distinguished as the Elder.

Judging from Ruth's appearance she is Stark and Stiff.

Why is Lou so fond of Roman History? Because Julius is frequently mentioned.

Luey is a favorite ; she is so Frank.

It is plainly seen Florence's favorite season is Winter.

Edith is always smiling.

Why is Lulu fond of " Little Lord Fauntleroy ? "

Fay K. wishes to be among the Elders of the Land.

Mary continually watches the Rhodes.

One can plainly perceive Belle is very partial to Brown.

Why does Nannie watch her Garrett so closely ?

Carrie used to be first at the scene of action, but now she is anxious to Wait.

How many girls really do care for our omnipresent Cook ?



LIBRARY OF  
MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE

